The Nation.

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The Week.

THE latest canvass of the Senate shows a majority of at least twenty for repeal. This makes further delay in taking the vote more inexcusable than ever. It is absurd to stand on ceremony, out of deference for "Senatorial courtesy," with the little band of silver Senators who, in their capacity as "enemies of the public welfare," are blocking the progress of repeal. They have had their say many times over, and nobody cares to hear or read their dreary speeches again. The progress of events has settled their case, and the sooner they are made to realize this fact the better for them and for the country. They seem completely beyond the reach of public opinion, showing in this respect a denser insensibility than Peffer manifests, for he has had a foot or more cut from the length of his beard, and is in other ways bowing to public sentiment, as he is known to be opposed to delay by filibustering. He looms like a statesman and a sagacious patriot in comparison with Stewart, Wolcott, Vest, Jones, and company.

There will be no sorrow over the announcement that the Governors of the three new States whose Legislatures failed to elect Senators at their regular sessions will not call special sessions for that purpose, now that the Senate has refused to admit the appointees of the Executives. One Senator is quite as many as is deserved by straggling communities which had, as in the case of Wyoming, only 60,705 people when the last census was taken. It would have been a fortunate thing if the Nevada Legislature had got into the same sort of a tangle, so that we might be spared the spectacle of two Senators representing a total population which reached only 45,761 in 1890, and is much less now, by reason of the closing of many mines.

A Chicago professor, writing on the silver situation in Colorado, quotes "a prominent student of finance" as saying: "I have never since slavery days seen our American press so unfair as it is now on this silver question." We think we could make a shrewd guess as to the personality of this prominent student of finance, who is pained at newspaper comments on his views; but as to the charge of unfairness, we confess to being left bewildered. If it is unfair to invite the freest and fullest discussion, then indeed the press has been unfair in its treatment of the silver question. Certainly it would be hard to mention another subject on which all sides have been given so generous a hearing. Nothing, in fact, has been so pleasing to well-instructed editors as to give a silverite a chance to air his views in order to demolish them. To how many cranks editorial advocates of sound money have given space it would be hard to reckon up. No single feature of the education of the people on the currency question has been more striking than the detailed and patient examination of unsound views by those newspapers which have stood for an honest and stable standard of value. Just here is where the shoe really pinches, we believe. The silverites have been driven to explain and expound their views more in detail than ever before, and to quit their vague and frothy declamation about the crime of demonetization and the robbery of the debtor class; and as their definite propositions have been shown to mean necessarily repudiation of debts and a depreciated currency, they have been led to rail at the process of discussion as "unfair."

The Ways and Means Committee has done well in getting promptly at work and announcing that it will not give a longer time than until the 20th of September to hearings. Three weeks are quite as many as should be allowed for this purpose. We have had nothing but hearings on this question for almost a dozen years, first before the Tariff Commission appointed under the Arthur Administration, then before the Ways and Means Committee which framed the Morrison Bill, next the committee which brought in the Mills Bill, and finally the committee which reported the McKinley Act. It would be an absolute waste of time now to give two or three months to a repetition of all this. What the country wants is action on the tariff question—not more big books of testimony before a committee. The tariff is to be revised, and it is to the interest of all that the form which revision is to take should be known as soon as may be, that the business of the country may adapt itself to whatever changes are to come. It is to be hoped that the work may be pushed forward so rapidly that the bill may pass both branches of Congress and reach the President early in 1894.

On the very day that the Committee on Ways and Means began tariff hearings, a large number of iron mills and textile factories started up again. This was most ill-advised action, and the Republicanism of any manufacturer guilty of it will be open to suspicion. Is the country to be given to understand that rails can be made and cars built and hosiery knitted and cloth woven with the preparations for a new tariff going on ostentatiously at Washington? If such things can be, then is the protectionist faith vain and the *Tribune's* preaching vain. If the mills were shutting down, as it solemnly assured us a few weeks ago, solely on account of the vague talk about a new tariff, how can they take courage to start up again when the talk has passed into certainty with the appointment of the Committee on Ways and Means and its prompt buckling down to work? On the *Tribune* theory, this should have destroyed the last shred of confidence, and shut up all the rest of the mills instead of opening the closed ones.

The *Tribune* is ominously silent on this aspect of the tariff hearings, but it extracts solid comfort out of the remarks of the Bermuda onion-growers before the Committee. Never was there so complete and overpowering a demonstration of two main articles of the protectionist creed—namely, that all foreigners are filled with a burning desire to "dump" goods upon this unhappy land, and that the foreign shipper pays the duty. According to the *Tribune's* truthful figures, on one shipment of 10,000 boxes of onions to New York, 16 cents freight was paid per box, and a duty of 38 cents. Then the onions were sold "at an average price of 50 cents a box." If the Bermudans did not pay the duty, triumphantly asks the *Tribune*, who did? There is no telling what such people would *not* pay. They lost $400 on this shipment, reckoning in nothing but freight and duty, and counting the onions themselves as a pure gift. If that is the way they do business, we do not see why they would not pay any duties demanded of them. It is not surprising that their experience gave a "shock" to the Committee. Such a determination to sell goods at a great loss is too rarely met with not to startle the unwary.

Even protectionists, we should think, would be glad if some extinguisher could be clapped down hard on the Ohio Wool-Growers' Association. That body was first dangerous, then became ludicrous, and is now nothing but a first-class nuisance. It was politically dangerous as long as it was able to keep both parties in Ohio on their knees, and when it drove the whole Republican party into McKinleyism. But it was this very demonstration of its power that brought it into ridicule, for its boasted army of voters in Ohio turned out to be men in buckram, and the State was practically lost to the Republicans. But here it is again, with as brassy a front as ever, passing resolutions against free wool as the "colossal political crime of the age," and demanding "full and adequate protection for the wool industry." This means, of course, that such protection does not now exist, and that McKinley must do his work all over again. The real tariff-dis-

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turbers are the wool-growers. They want the whole thing done over again at their dictation. The present Republican game of declaring the McKinley tariff to be supernaturally perfect, and asserting that it would be sacrilegious to touch such a gift of heaven, does not fool the wool-growers for a moment. They know that they are getting the lowest prices for their wool ever known—practically as low, according to the *Wool and Cotton Reporter*, as would be the case under free trade; and what they want is a tariff which will absolutely shut out all foreign wool. This is to bring protection into contempt, and therefore we say that good protectionists ought to bend their wits to the task of squelching the Ohio wool-growers.

Ex-Speaker Reed loses no opportunity to exalt the rules of his Congress, or to taunt the Democrats with wishing but not daring to adopt them, but he does not seem able to rouse much enthusiasm on the subject, even in his own party. The truth is, that the most dangerous and offensive part of the Reed rules—the part that lodged autocratic power in the hands of the Speaker—was particularly distasteful all along to many Republicans, who had too unpleasant an experience of the Speaker's tyranny in the Fifty-first Congress to care to expose themselves to it again. Speaker Crisp did well to bring out the essential differences between the Reed rules and those proposed for the present Congress. The roll-call, not the Speaker's count, is to determine the presence of a quorum, and it is the majority of the House, acting through the Committee on Rules, and not the occupant of the chair, that is to decide when debate and motions become merely dilatory and obstructive and must give way to a vote. The matter of closure was correctly put by Mr. Gladstone the other day when he said it was an evil, but an evil that might become necessary to prevent a greater one—the deadlocking of the legislative body. Closure is not to have the first place, but is to be kept in reserve in the background. The thing to put in front is freedom of debate, and the thing to emphasize is ample discussion. This is done, we believe, by the proposed rules of Congress, at the same time that an effective provision is made for protecting the majority against wanton filibustering.

The $100,000,000 of surplus that Mr. Cleveland left in the Treasury in 1889 has disappeared, and in the meantime there has been an addition to the pension rolls of $50,000,000 and a loss of revenue from the repeal of sugar duties of $50,000,000. On the top of this comes the silver panic, which affects the public revenues in the same way that it affects private revenues. The Government is one among many corporations carrying on business, and it must take pot-luck with the rest. The Government is finding out, as other solvent debtors do, that what it owes is payable at the rate of one hundred cents per dollar, while its income is reduced to seventy-five cents per dollar or less. There is a possible deficit of $100,000,000 in sight for the fiscal year ending next June, and an almost certain one of $50,000,000. The Secretary of the Treasury is now meeting the deficit out of the greenback-redemption fund, the $100,000,000 gold reserve. The "working balance" of the Treasury, the amount which ought to be on hand at all times, over and above the greenback-redemption fund, has disappeared altogether, or consists only of unavailable subsidiary silver. The public may infer that the sinking of the gold reserve from day to day represents the total deficit, but it does not. It represents that portion of the deficit which cannot be staved off. There are some bills that must be paid, there are others that can be postponed. The art of postponing was introduced by Secretary Foster. It cannot be discontinued by Secretary Carlisle until his working balance of $30,000,000 is restored.

The condition of the United States Treasury is certainly such as to require attention, but there seems to be some danger that an exaggerated impression may be created as to its prospects. It is true that a great falling off in revenue has taken place—nearly $13,000,000 during the last two months—while the expenditures have increased $5,000,000 during the same period. But it does not follow that these decreases or increases will continue, at least at anything like the same rate. The full details as to the increased expenditure have not been furnished us, but it seems that the disbursements for the army, for the navy, and for the Indians have all been materially larger than last year. These large disbursements are by no means of the most imperative character, and it is certainly to be expected that something will be done at such a time as this to prevent our expenses from increasing at the rate of $30,000,000 a year. We are not without hope of seeing a considerable saving from the revision of the pension list. On the other hand, it is altogether improbable that the revenue will continue to show any such falling off as of late. The internal revenue will suddenly start up as soon as the wheels of business are cleared of the currency entanglement, and as to the customs revenue, it seems to be forgotten that we have been importing more than $40,000,000 of gold this summer.

We would call attention also to the fact that while the revenue of the Government from customs has greatly declined, the decline in the amount of imports has been by no means in corresponding degree. Thus the imports at New York for the last week reported were valued at $8,541,000, against $9,306,000 for the corresponding week of last year, $8,792,066 in 1891, and $7,550,000 in 1890. There is nothing very startling about these figures. The decrease in customs revenue is explained if we turn to the figures showing the amounts of goods entered for warehouse and for consumption, and the amounts withdrawn from warehouse. There we find that in the week referred to there were, in 1892, goods to the value of $2,243,000 entered for consumption, while in 1893 the value of such goods was but $1,147,000. The figures for withdrawals from warehouse are respectively $613,000 and $576,000, making the totals marketed $2,857,000 and $1,723,000. But if we look at the value of imports entered for warehouse, we find that in 1892 it was but $496,000, while this year it is $1,055,000. Here is to be found the explanation of the sudden and extreme falling off of customs revenue, and the reason for expecting that it will be, to the present extent at least, temporary.

Mr. Worthington Ford, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, has sent a letter to Secretary Carlisle giving his final views and estimates upon the tremendous mistake made in the compilation of the trade balance of the fiscal year 1893. He finds the true balance to be approximately as follows:

Imports of merchandise.....	$866,400,922
Exports of merchandise.....	847,665,194
Excess of imports.....	$18,735,728

The original compilation made the imports $941,400,922 and the excess of imports $93,735,728. This startling blunder came about in the following manner. In January, 1892, an importing firm of Philadelphia complained to the Department of State that the American Consul at Messina charged one dollar for a currency certificate to accompany an invoice of olive oil, and asked why it was necessary to require a currency certificate on invoices of commodities imported into the United States free of duty or under a specific duty. The question, upon its face a reasonable one, was referred to the Treasury, and under date January 23, 1892, Mr. Spaulding, the Acting Secretary, wrote to the State Department suggesting that consular certificates showing the gold value of the currency in which the invoices are made out be dispensed with in all cases where the value of the currency did not affect the dutiable value of the merchandise. The State Department concurred; the consuls abroad were so notified, but the Bureau of Statistics at home was not notified, although one consul, Mr. Charles Heath, wrote to the State Department from Catania, Italy, in April, 1892, that the effect would be to deprive us of any accurate knowledge of the value of our imports. No notice was taken of Mr. Heath's warning, and the result is what we have seen—a mistake of certainly $75,000,000 and probably more in our trade returns for a single year.

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One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the small amount withdrawn from the savings-banks under the thirty-day rule. It will be remembered that most of the city savings banks put in force their requirement of such notice on the 31st of July. The withdrawals up to September 1st have been quite insignificant, and the judgment of the bank officers is that relatively few more will be made. The immediate cause of this light demand is plain enough. First of all, the panic is over, and has been over for nearly a month. The nervous, unreasonable apprehension which encourages the locking up of savings funds is a matter of the past. For the shrewder class of depositors, who wished their money for the profit it promised—and this class has been astonishingly numerous during the recent panic—the opportunity for such use of currency has grown decidedly less inviting. The stock market no longer stands at panic prices; the premium on currency has quite vanished. It is doubtful if the average cool-headed savings-bank depositor could do better now, in the investment line, than to leave his money where it is. Not least important of all, Congress is moving steadily towards harmonious legislation under which a sound and honest standard of value shall be guaranteed. The savings-bank depositors, collectively, are among the largest lenders of money in the country, and they can trust their money to the loan market now with full assurance that it will be honestly repaid.

A powerful argument for the establishment of trade schools on the Auchmuty plan is supplied in some advance figures from the forthcoming census which the *Century* publishes this month. They have been collected by the Rev. Frederick H. Wines, who has charge of the statistics of pauperism and crime in the census, and their accuracy cannot be questioned. They show that out of a total of 52,894 white male prisoners in all the prisons, penitentiaries, and reformatory institutions in the United States in 1890, no less than 38,156 were native born; that of 20,101 of these native born, both parents were native, of 2,729 of them one parent was native, of 3,560 of them the nativity of one or both parents was unknown, of 11,766 both parents were foreign born. Only 13,869 of the 52,894 prisoners were foreign born. That is to say, nearly three-fourths of all the convicted male criminals in the United States are born in this country, more than half of them of American parents, and only a little more than one-fourth are foreign born. It also appears from Mr. Wines's statistics as to the occupations of these 52,894 prisoners at the time of conviction, that 31,426 of them had no trade whatever, and that 23,144 of those without trade were native born. In other words, three-fifths of those who became criminals through lack of occupation were Americans. Mr. Wines's figures show furthermore that nearly three-fourths of all these prisoners were between the ages of twenty and forty, the average age being less than thirty-two years.

For the proper background to bring out in its true proportions Mr. Gladstone's triumph on Friday in passing the Home-Rule Bill, we must look back to 1886. On June 8 of that year his first bill was thrown out by a majority of thirty, and the appeal to the country left him in a minority by more than one hundred votes. Many causes have contributed to bring about the historic victory which now has crowned his determined fight of seven years against tremendous odds. Some of them are wrapped up in his fascinating and impressive personality, and some in the general advance of Liberal ideas in England. But the main cause is undoubtedly the perception by the English people of the truth which Mr. Gladstone has made the burden of speech after speech—the truth, namely, that coercion always demonstrates its own failure, and that the only remedy left open is in the way of conciliation and yielding to the national aspirations of the Irish. That remedy may not prove successful, but if it does not, then there is no possibility of any other, and the whole problem of governing Ireland must be given up as insoluble.

We referred recently to the discreditable attempts of some of the so-called Conservative party in England to attract voters. An instance in point has just been reported in the London *Times*. The Secretary of the "Central Unemployed Organization Committee" requested Mr. Gladstone to receive a deputation of men out of work "who were anxious to lay before him definite and practical proposals for the solution of the unemployed question." Mr. Gladstone courteously answered that he would not be able to receive the deputation, but that he would be happy to consider "the definite and practical proposals." Of course this settled that question, as the last thing to be expected from the "unemployed" is anything definite and practical. But the application to Mr. Chamberlain drew out the answer of a genuine demagogue. With the representation that while 100,000 workingmen in London were unable, through no fault of their own, to obtain employment, no other matter than this should obtain the attention of Parliament, Mr. Chamberlain expressed his agreement. He declared that it was scandalous that "the time of Parliament should be wholly wasted over this miserable Irish controversy to the neglect of the real interests of the working classes." Of course he added that the blame for this lay wholly with the Gladstonians.

In commenting recently upon the principle of "betterment" in England, we criticised a bill introduced into Parliament at the instance of the London County Council on account of its failure to provide compensation for owners of property damaged by the contemplated public improvement. It is true that the bill makes no specific provision for such cases, but it is now pointed out by the Parliamentary Committee of the Council that the omission is apparent and not real. There appears to be a general statute providing that every person whose property is injuriously affected by any public work shall receive compensation, and this general statute is recognized by the bill in question. The only argument, therefore, which the opponents of this measure are still able to advance is, that the principle of assessing damages and benefits should be established by a general act applicable to the whole country, and not be limited to this particular instance. Upon this ground the House of Lords rejected the bill, but as the House of Commons seems determined to enact it, there is little doubt that the Lords will yield and allow a reform to be established to which the only objection is that it is not sufficiently extensive. It was with just such objections as this that Lord Eldon used to block attempts to improve the administration of justice.

The two-years' service clause of the new German Army Bill appears to have aroused considerable jealous attention in France. Just before the Parliament was dissolved, a Deputy moved that the men who were to enter upon their third year's service next November be allowed to go home, to the great advantage of French agriculture, to the saving of $4,000,000 on the army budget, and to the establishment of the principle of two-years' service "as in Germany." The motion had no chance of success, and was not, in fact, seriously discussed, yet it greatly stirred up some of the writers on military topics. They hastened to point out that the German Army Bill makes two years only the average term of service, the cavalry and artillery being held to the three years' period, the infantry being ordinarily obliged to serve no more than two years, while the sanitary corps and some other auxiliary branches of the service get off with much less time. Further, over and above all these details, there is the provision that "the Emperor may at any time order the further service of the men whose return home is due." This is the two years' service "as in Germany." Moreover, a glance at the figures of the recruits of the past three years in France and in Germany will show that if France were to drop to the two years' plan, she would have an active army of 365,000, as against one in Germany of 528,000. This, of course, would never do, and there is no likelihood that, in either country, agriculture will be given the extra pairs of hands it needs, or that the army expenses will be cut down.

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THE SILVER DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S speech a week ago was intended to aid in securing the early repeal of the silver-purchasing clause of the so-called Sherman Act. All that he said, we may be sure, was said with that end in view, and all that he left unsaid was equally intended to have the same effect. The speech will have the intended effect without doubt. The Ohio Senator dealt the silverites some staggering blows, from which they will not recover. He knocked all the remaining breath out of the lie that the silver-demonetizing act of 1873 was passed by stealth and fraud. He showed up Senator Stewart of Nevada as a champion of the gold standard in 1874, a year after the passage of the silver-demonetizing act. He proved that the Sherman Act, as it is called, is a better, or less harmful, act than the one which it superseded. He commended the President for his course in urging the repeal of the act, and declared his purpose to sustain him in that particular. Finally, he adverted to the necessity of strengthening the gold reserve and meeting a temporary deficit in the public revenues by an issue of bonds, saying that the Administration ought to have that authority, and that it had never been withheld from any administration under a like emergency. All this and much more of sound teaching did Mr. Sherman offer, with the authority of a real master, for all which he has our best thanks. There were some points in his speech, however, which were of a strictly partisan type, such as his animadversions upon the expected tariff changes. These must be discounted in the same way, if not to the same degree, as Mr. Voorhees's partisan harangue. We regret that Mr. Sherman's statesmanship did not this time take a loftier flight, but we have learned to be satisfied with something less.

The Senator maintained that the present financial stringency was not due to the so-called Sherman Act, but rather to the Baring crisis of 1890, to the recent Australian crisis, and to the preparations of Austria-Hungary to resume specie payments on the gold standard. If it could be said that the act bearing Mr. Sherman's name had brought on a financial panic, that would, of itself, be a bad epitaph, although undeserved. We do not wonder that he takes some pains to remove the imputation. It was the whole course of silver legislation and silver lunacy, beginning in 1878, that chiefly brought on the present panic—not the Act of 1890 in particular. If the Bland-Allison Act had not preceded the Sherman Act, the latter might have run on for several years without bringing us in sight of the silver standard. But it is certain, and has been certain from the beginning, that whenever the public should see or should strongly apprehend the advent of the silver standard, there would be a sudden clutching of money, a sudden withdrawal of investments, and a sudden and sullen determination on the part of the holders of money not to let it go until they could know what kind of pay they would get for it. This has been the talk of financiers ever since the passage of the Bland-Allison Act. Something very like this was foreshadowed by Mr. Sherman himself in his great speech of last year in the Senate, when he expressed his readiness to vote for the repeal of the act of 1890.

So many jokes were cracked by Senator Vance on Friday that it is hard to say what part of his speech was intended to be taken seriously. We presume, however, that that portion which repeats the oft told tale about diminishing the debt-paying money of the world is so intended. We presume so because we find it in another Populist discourse the same day—that of Gov. Tillman of South Carolina, who says in the Columbia *State:*

"They [the capitalists] are now fighting to reduce the metallic currency by one-half by making a gold standard. It's the most gigantic scheme of robbery ever attempted, and the people ought to rise in their might and put a stop to it, hanging some of the men who are causing it all, if it is necessary. They destroy the debt-paying power of one-half the coin for the benefit of the debt-holders, bondholders, and capitalists, and then tell the bankrupt people who contracted these obligations under the bimetallic standard that this country is entitled to as good money as any other country."

We like Tillman's way of putting it better than Vance's, because it is more direct, more sententious, and more in downright earnest. This debt-paying argument is the last ditch of the silverites. They have been driven from one position after another till they have taken their final stand here. But not one of them has ever told us how he proposes to keep the two metals in concurrent circulation. Unless we can have them both in use as money at the same time under the conditions of free coinage, we cannot achieve the end which Vance and Tillman are aiming at. If we are to have gold to-day and silver to-morrow, and gold again next week and silver the following week, the debt-paying basis is not broadened in the least—it is only changed. In other words, we have no greater breadth of debt-paying basis under the Vance-Tillman plan, but we do have more frequent fluctuations. Until Mr. Vance can show a practicable method for putting bimetallism in force and keeping his basis from sliding, the fewer jokes he cracks on the subject the better for his reputation as a humorist. Under any arrangement possible for this country alone, bimetallism would be like the movable sidewalk at the World's Fair, and no business man would know where his next step would carry or where it would land him.

Senator Vance ventured the prediction that the passage of the Repeal Bill would cause an immediate fall in the price of silver at least equal to that which followed the action of the India Council. This is rather risky prophesying. The price of silver bullion fell 19 cents per ounce after the closing of the Indian mints, and recovered 12½ cents before the London pessimists had fairly put their forecasts upon record. The reason for the recovery was that it was suddenly discovered that somebody, after all, had uses for the metal. Even since the closing of the Bombay and Calcutta mints nearly $6,000,000 worth of silver has been shipped to India, and a further immense amount to China. The Indian imports have puzzled London in the extreme; yet they were, after all, intelligible enough. Indian natives have for centuries used silver in its bullion form to store their wealth and make their personal adornments, much as the English aristocracy used to put their fortunes into gold and silver plate, or as the veteran archer in 'Quentin Durward' used to twist a link or two out of his gold chain to pay his tavern reckoning. It would be difficult to give any other explanation for the continued heavy silver exports from London. The habits of a nation, fixed by the practice of centuries, will hardly change at the passage of a single statute. Not only is this heavy Oriental demand certain to continue, but at the present lower price the use of silver in the arts will undoubtedly expand. Meanwhile the poorer mines will close and the better mines will reduce expenses. Whether the end of this will or will not be a further fall in silver, Senator Vance is as little able to predict as any other watcher of the market. The price is at least holding just now extremely strong under the general expectation of the Silver Purchase Law's repeal.

MORE PARTICULARS OF THE BERING SEA DECISION.

THE text of the Paris judgment, and of the extra-judicial advice contained in the afterpart, presents important elements not included in the reports transmitted by cable. These reports led to inexact inferences in regard to the time and areas of exclusion. No American or Briton can pursue, capture, or kill fur-seals, at any time or in any manner, within a zone of sixty miles around our islands, including the usual marine league, nor,

"from the 1st of May to the 31st of July, both inclusive, on the high sea in that part of the Pacific Ocean inclusive of the Bering Sea which is situated to the north of the 35th degree of north latitude and eastward of the 180th degree of longitude from Greenwich till it strikes the water boundary described in Article I. of the Treaty of 1867 between the United States and Russia, and following that line up to Bering Straits."

The area last described is larger than either Government had contemplated. Bering Sea is divided in the middle, and the exclusion extends over three degrees south of San Francisco. Under the award, the "regulations" can be modified or abolished by the two Governments, and it is adjudged that they "shall be submitted every five years to a new examination, so as to enable both interested Governments to consider whether, in the light of past experience, there is occasion for any modification thereof."

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There is no allusion to damages for abstention during the pendency of the arbitration. It is understood that both sides withdrew all claims under that head. The findings of facts in regard to the seizures were agreed to in advance by the opposing parties and adopted in the award, leaving the sum to be paid by us as damages to be hereafter arranged. At the end of the judgment, the Tribunal made very significant declarations which bear on the need of better management of our own Pribyloff Islands.

The treaty authorized "regulations" to be made for Bering Sea outside our territorial limits if the Tribunal came to the conclusion that Mr. Blaine's contentions for our right to seize foreign vessels in that sea outside those limits was unfounded. Over our islands and their territorial waters our jurisdiction was and is complete. The Tribunal could not, under any circumstances, prescribe "regulations" there. But the end sought was comprehensive preservation of the fur-seal, and the Tribunal evidently felt that "regulations" were needed on our islands as well as in the open sea, in order that parity of interests might be submitted to parity of rules. All the more was that needed after we had told the Tribunal that our property right in all seals on our islands was so absolute that we rightfully could, if we saw fit, destroy all the seals found on our islands, and so destroy the whole Pribyloff fur-seal herd and industry. Therefore the Tribunal gave the following very significant advice respecting our management of our islands if we wish all nations to coöperate outside of our exclusive dominion:

"(1.) The arbitrators declare that the concurrent regulations as determined upon by the Tribunal of Arbitration by virtue of Article VII. of the Treaty of the 29th of February, 1892, being applicable to the high sea only, should, in their opinion, be supplemented by other regulations *applicable within the limits of the sovereignty of each of the two Powers interested and to be settled by their common agreement.*

"(2.) In view of the critical condition to which it appears certain that the race of fur-seals is now reduced in consequence of circumstances not fully known, the arbitrators think fit to recommend both Governments to come to an understanding in order to prohibit any killing of fur-seals, either *on land* or at sea, for a period of two or three years, or at least one year, subject to such exceptions as the two Governments might think proper to admit of. Such a measure might be recurred to at occasional intervals if found beneficial.

"(3.) The arbitrators declare, moreover, that, in their opinion, the carrying out of the regulations determined upon by the Tribunal of Arbitration should be assured by a system of stipulations and measures to be enacted by the two Powers, and that the Tribunal must in consequence leave it to the two Powers to decide upon the means for giving effect to the regulations determined upon by it."

If we refuse to follow these suggestions, to put a curb on the rapacity and brutality of the lessee of our islands as exhibited at Paris, and if the other Governments decline to give their adhesion to the "regulations" made by the Tribunal, then vessels under the flag of any of those Governments may kill seals in the places and vast areas from which the two treaty Governments have excluded themselves. Nothing will, in that event, be left to the two Governments but to tear up the "regulations."

There will be some curiosity to know why the American members of the Tribunal dissented from the "regulations," if they will confine their expositions to that. But the country has no longer any interest in further vindication, by Senator Morgan or Justice Harlan, of Mr. Blaine's "eloquent diplomacy"—that is the correct phrase, we believe—nor in the Blaine-Phelps-Tracy law of wonderland expounded at Paris—its "Book of Nature"; its heresies by Puffendorf; its fur-seal "husbandry"; its false analogies between fur-seals and such domestic animals as sheep and oxen; its limitations of property to the usufruct; its title to wild animals derived from the law of nature or nations, instead of municipal law; its right of England, growing out of the defence of a free swimming fish or wild animal, to visit, search, and seize our vessels on the high seas in time of peace as in time of war; its expanding our municipal law into a sort of omnipotent, self-defensive international regulation made by ourselves and enforceable by ourselves on the open ocean; and its violation of that freedom of the seas to vindicate which we waged a foreign war in 1812.

RESPONSIBILITY OF CRIMINALS.

MR ROUND, the Secretary of the National Prison Association, contributes an article to the September *Forum*, in which he maintains rather old-fashioned notions concerning the responsibility of criminals. So much has been said in recent years about the influence of heredity and the effect of environment, that it has really become somewhat doubtful whether punishment should not be inflicted upon a criminal's grandfather rather than upon himself, and an impression has come to prevail in some philanthropical circles that almost the only real malefactor is society. Mr. Round will have none of this mischievous nonsense. So far as physical degeneracy is concerned, he states that his examination of a thousand prisoners showed that one-fourth of them had not only a fine, but an exceptionally fine, physical basis of life and strength, the other three-quarters falling only a little below the average of ordinary humanity. His investigation as to heredity is not yet complete, but the 700 cases so far examined show that there is no such transmission of moral qualities as has been claimed, except through physical conditions. That is, neither vice nor virtue is inherited, although the feeble or robust condition of ancestors may produce in the descendant a constitution favorable to evil or good habits respectively. "Physical conditions likely to promote criminality aside," he says, "I believe that the child of the thief, apart from his environment and possible training, starts well nigh as fairly in the race of life as the child of the average citizen." In the same strain Mr. Round expresses his conviction that crime is not a disease, and that the criminal is not insane and irresponsible. His experience is that most men guilty of crime offend wilfully, and are quite capable of living honest lives if they choose. Exception will be taken to his conclusions, but he brings out a truth which has been disregarded by a certain class of theorists.

In a sense, however, society is responsible for the criminal. It is responsible where the administration of justice is so lax and so corrupt as to make those tempted to commit crime think that they can escape punishment. It is notorious, especially in the city of New York, that political influence is sufficient to prevent the arrest of a certain class of offenders, and that, even if arrested, these offenders will never be brought to trial. Even if brought to trial, the chances of acquittal are many and the delays are long. All these things indirectly encourage crime, making its punishment uncertain, and thus diminishing the fear of punishment. As to the character of the punishment, the administration of justice and not its theory is again at fault. As Mr. Round says, the severest punishment for the criminal is to be obliged to earn his living like an honest man, and the most dreaded term is the sentence for such a period as shall effect his reformation. Our laws make suitable provision both for the nature and for the term of punishment, but they are not carried out. The prisons have been turned over to politicians and their followers, and they have failed, from either hostility or incapacity, to apply the graded system ordained by the Act of 1889, while our judges have pronounced the indeterminate sentence in hardly a score of cases. Mr. Round emphatically declares, and we fear with only too much truth, that the prisons of New York "are run solely to make political capital for the dominant party, they are run in fear of the labor element, they are run to make places for 'low-down' politicians and rewards for political leaders." We have no disposition to minimize the guilt of crime; but if crime increases under such conditions, it is not just to throw all the blame upon the criminal classes.

It is true that in the Elmira Reformatory we have a penal institution constituted and conducted upon the most scientific principles. The whole theory of the school—for it is really a school—is that the criminal is responsible. From the beginning of the course to the end of it the aim is to furnish the strongest incentives to correct conduct and the greatest deterrents from evil ways. The physical training is intended to lay a basis for moral character, the healthy man being more responsive to healthy motives. As a result, the average detention of the

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inmates before they are released on parole is only twenty-two months, the indeterminate sentence thus cleaving only to the worst cases. Of those paroled during the year 1892 less than 6 per cent. were returned to the Reformatory, while the number probably relapsing into criminal ways was about 11 per cent. In this instance society may be said to do its duty by the criminal. Under the management of Mr. Brockway this Reformatory has come to be regarded as a model not only in this country but abroad, and it is constantly visited by the most distinguished penologists of every land, who testify, after careful inspection, unanimously to its perfection. It is hardly necessary to say that the institution has so far been exempted from political control, but there are indications that the sight of so much patronage politically unavailable has become intolerable to our rulers. Should they succeed in bringing the Elmira Reformatory down to the level of our other prisons, it would be a sad day for this State, and in the truest sense a sad day for the criminal classes themselves.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—VI.

FINE ARTS: THE BRITISH AND THE NON-FRENCH CONTINENTAL SECTIONS.

CHICAGO, July, 1893.

THE galleries of the British Section have a lifeless look, and a few good pictures are not enough really to break the monotonous succession of story-telling genres, bad portraits, classical subjects treated in a literary way, weak landscapes and marines that fill the walls. The English painters are almost the only ones represented, scarcely any of the Scotchmen who at Glasgow and Edinburgh of late years have been showing something like real live work having pictures here. The English painters in general seem to think of something else than painting, and art as they understand it seems to be considered as a means of instruction, like a child's history-book, or a pretty way to point a moral. Some of the younger men, such as Stanhope Forbes, Frank Brangwyn, Arthur Hacker, William Stott, Adrian Stokes, George Clausen, Edward Stott, W. H. Bartlett, and Frank Bramley, show that they know what the art of painting means, and of course among the work of the artists of more long-standing reputation a thoroughly good picture is to be found here and there. But the average of technical achievement is low, the literary and moral conception of art is generally prevalent, and eccentricity crops out in a good many places as a cloak for weakness. There are six canvases by Mr. Watts, at least one of which, "Portrait of Walter Crane," is a fine work, whatever may be thought of the others. Sir Frederick Leighton's "Portrait of Capt. Burton," which has made the round of international exhibitions, is as good a piece of character study and as well modelled a head as any one could wish to see, and his "Garden of the Hesperides" possesses qualities of color and a distinguished beauty of composition that make it far superior to his other works here. Three good portraits by the late Frank Holl, the same number by J. J. Shannon, and Alma-Tadema's scholarly-looking pictures of Greece and Rome, bear comparison with the work of the French and the Americans. Prof. Herkomer's "The Last Muster" is made to do service again, and two portraits of women by him, though dry in *facture*, are notable for their dignity of presence. When Mr. Moore's vigorously painted marines, Mr. Bramley's excellent out-door picture, "For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven," Mr. S. Melton Fisher's "A Summer Night," Mr. Stokes's "The Setting Sun," Mr. W. Reynolds Stephens's decorative "Summer," and landscapes by Messrs. Davis, King, Hague, and Leader, have been mentioned, there remains but little that need take our attention. One picture, however, "Forging the Anchor," by Stanhope A. Forbes, is so good technically that one wonders how it can be the work of an English painter. The color scheme deals with only blacks and grays and the reddish glow from the hot iron at the forge, but it is harmoniously and forcibly managed; the drawing of the numerous figures is good, and there are air, space, and tone in their depiction. We do not need to be told that Mr. Forbes studied in France, but, as in his picture "The Village Philharmonic" at the Paris Exposition of 1889, he has taken a subject in his own country, and the rendering of character in his types is not the least of the merits of his work. Another picture by the same artist, "Soldiers and Sailors," is a soberly painted work with figures out of doors, very good in values and well studied, but without the completeness of ensemble that makes "Forging the Anchor," all things considered, one of the best pictures at Chicago.

The German artists in many cases make an honest attempt to paint pictures to be looked at for their own sake, but, like the English, a good many of them are given to elaborate story-telling in genre work. A certain heaviness of hand affects their portrait-painting, and in historical composition there is a pomposity that evokes souvenirs of Baron Gros when it does not more directly recall the stilted airs of Cornelius and Kaulbach. Prof. von Lenbach of Munich has a reputation as a portrait-painter. He is sometimes spoken of, indeed, as a great portrait-painter, but if the "Portrait of Prince Bismarck" and the "Portrait of Pope Leo XIII.," both lent by the State of Bavaria, are fair specimens of his work (and we have every reason to think they are, from what has been published about them), they show again what has so often been shown before, that a painter who paints badly enough to becloud his intention may be rated a great artist. The picture of the Pope is muddy in color and has scarcely a bit of well-studied form in any part of it. In handling it is slippery, and such modelling as it possesses is made by lines and tentative scratches. The portrait of Bismarck is worse, and it is more disagreeable in color even than the picture of the Pope. In every school of art, especially in England, Germany, and the United States, where there are people ready to talk and write about art who know nothing whatever about it, and get a hearing from others who know no better than to think what they say must be true, some such painting as this from time to time is exalted. It may as well be called by its right name, however: it is humbug. The Emperor William II. has been painted on horseback in a creditable but rather stupid composition by Prof. Werner Schuch, on board a steamer hunting whales in a very good marine picture by Prof. Carl Saltzmann, and in a simple half-length portrait by Prof. Max Koner of Berlin. The last-named portrait, in spite of the lack of anything better than merely respectable color quality, is an excellent work. It is life-like, well placed on the canvas, firmly modelled, and spirited as well as dignified in general aspect. The dark-blue coat, the gray overcoat with scarlet facings, the cross on the chest attached to the lighter blue collar of the coat, and the grayish white gloves form a simple but effective costume. It is all well and surely painted, and if the picture is not the work of a great artist, it is at least so much better conceived and so much more intelligently carried out than the majority of the portraits in the German Section, that it ranks easily as the best. The only other that might dispute its supremacy is an excellent full-length seated figure of Kossuth by Mrs. Vilma Parlaghy. There is a good example of the work of Gabriel Max in "Katharina Emerich," but that he descends to tricks may be seen by examining closely the texture of the white counterpane on the bed, when it will appear that the paint has been "tamped" with some sort of an instrument like a seal, with a cross-barred pattern. "The Rolling Mill," by Menzel (the only work in the catalogue by one of the most celebrated of German artists), is in no way extraordinary, but a small picture, placed on an easel in one of the galleries, showing people seated at small tables under the trees, is notable for minuteness of detail. Uhde's "The Announcement to the Shepherds" is a big brown canvas, totally uninteresting in composition, sentiment, or color; and "A Parade in Presence of the Emperor," by Hans W. Schmidt, is a creditable piece of official military painting. The "Apotheosis of William I.," by Prof. Keller, is big and rather skilfully disposed, but its artistic interest is lost in the pretentiousness of the subject. "The Congress of Berlin," by Prof. A. von Werner, is a well-painted group of portraits—an unusually successful attempt in its class to make a picture. Among the numerous landscapes there is one good little picture that deserves to be noted for an atmospheric quality which very few of those in the galleries possess, and truthful sunlight effect in early spring on an avenue of trees before the leaves have come out—"Landscape: Spring," by Miss Fanny Edle von Geiger.

The Dutch exhibition, though small, is very creditable. The pictures, particularly the landscapes, show a good deal of individuality; and sober, forceful color characterizes the work of the school. Pictures by the late Anton Mauve, Hubert Vos, William and Jacob Maris, and H. W. Mesdag are notable, and there are five canvases by Israels. He is a painter of wide reputation, who does little to justify it, and if anything could be cheaper, more vulgar, and technically worse than a head by him called "Type of a Fisherman," it would be hard to imagine it. "Fisherwomen at Zandvoort" is almost if not quite as bad, and "Alone in the World" is one of his familiar interiors with figures, a little more muddy in color and clumsy in drawing than usual. There is a fine collection of water colors from Holland, including landscape and genre, marked by cleverness of handling, charming color qualities, and excellent style. The prominent names here, some of them new to us, are Stortenbeker, Weissenbruch, Bastert, Blommers, Vrolyk, Klinkenberg, Ten Cate, Kever, Ter Meulen, Miss Wally Moes, and Koster.

In the Belgian section the absence of work by Émile Wauters, who died recently, is noticeable, but most of the well-known painters are fairly well represented. The pictures present few points of difference from those sent by France except that the average of excellence is lower. "The Walk on the Dyke at Heyst-sur-Mer," by Jan Verhas, and "Summer Sun," by Evariste Carpentier, are

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the two most interesting works by figure-painters; "The Departure of the Herd" and "Road through the Dunes," by Franz Courtens, and "Orchard in Zeeland," by Verstraete, are the best landscapes; and a picture of red poppies by Emma De Vigne is remarkably good flower-painting. Ten pictures exemplify the peculiar and inartistic methods of Jan van Beers.

There is little to note in the Spanish and the Italian galleries. In the former there is a very good portrait of a French student painted out of doors by Ramón Casas, and in the latter are three portraits by Boldini. "Portrait of Miss ——" is below his mark; "Portrait of a Lady" is exceedingly clever, and most satisfactory in every way except that the artist has given his sitter, rightly or wrongly, an air that suggests the *fausse grande dame*; and "Portrait of a Girl," a child in black seated on a sofa, though just a little too pronounced in coquettishness, is a marvel of skilful painting, delightfully simple and distinctively personal in style.

There is nothing of importance in the Russian galleries except Siemiradsky's immense picture "Frina." In the Austrian Section are Charlemont's pretty "The Pages"; Brozik's historical composition representing an incident in the Thirty Years' War—the Imperial Councillors Martinitz and Slawata thrown out of the window of the Château of Hradshine by order of Count Thurn—a much better picture than his "Columbus" in the Metropolitan Museum; Makart's "The Five Senses," and five excellent small pictures by the late August von Pettenkofen. Some good portraits by Canadian artists are shown in a small gallery adjoining the British Section, those by E. W. Grier, Robert Harris, and Sarah B. Holden being notably good; and in the Venezuelan Building is hung a serious, well-painted equestrian portrait of Simon Bolivar by Arturo Michalena.

The Scandinavian painters show themselves to be in touch with the new ideas that prevail in some artistic coteries in Paris, and not a few of their pictures bear the stamp of serious, intelligent search for truth. From Denmark there is some good work by Lauritz Tuxen and P. S. Kroyer, and a fine portrait by Bertha Wegmann; from Sweden we have an interesting exhibition of seven works by Anders L. Zorn, original and charming pictures of birds and animals by Bruno Liljefors, good landscapes by Kreüger, and a portrait by Björck, in which character is well rendered. In the Norwegian galleries are landscapes of decided merit by Prince Eugene, Sörensen, and Sinding. Here, too, is one of the best studies of nature exhibited by any artist at Chicago—"Behind the Mill," by Fritz Thaulow. A stream flows under the mill, coming directly forward on the canvas in a wide, whirling flood. The swift water, churned into foam in some parts, reflects the white walls of the mill in others where it is quieter, and it is all delightfully limpid and clear. The same artist exhibits also two pastels—"By the River" and "In March"—in which dark streams are seen running between icy, snow-covered banks. Both are carefully studied, and, like "Behind the Mill," express the aspect of nature with great charm and genuine poetic feeling. There is a good deal of originality in choice of subject shown by the Scandinavian painters, and their landscape motives are novel, but there is not much to denote more than the presence of a few good Paris-trained men among them who make use of intelligent methods in their work. There is little to justify a prophecy that a new school is about to appear in the North. Such men as Kroyer and Tuxen, who were among the best of Bonnat's pupils, and Zorn and Thaulow, who make their headquarters in Paris, do much to make the Scandinavian sections interesting; but, on the other hand, we have the methods of the French in painting out of doors exaggerated to the point of caricature by Larsson, Skredsvig, and others. The best that can be said of the Scandinavians so far is that they seem self-reliant and not afraid to strike out in new fields in their own countries; and this, at least, is a starting-point (as it was in the United States), beyond which earnest endeavor may accomplish much in the future.

WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

FROM FLAGSTAFF TO THE GRAND CAÑON.

PORTLAND, Oregon, July, 1893.

PROBABLY the number of European visitors to our Columbian Exposition would have been much larger but for the fact that most of those who wished to come were desirous of combining with the trip to Chicago a sight of our Western scenic wonders, while the "magnificent distances" which separate these wonders double the price of a round-trip ticket. The difference in this respect between Europe and America is vividly illustrated in the new and admirable United States Baedeker, the publisher of which has printed in a corner of the map of this country a diagram of Switzerland on the same scale, for comparison. There we find in a country of the size of a single one of our smaller States an inexhaustible variety of natural attractions, whereas, in order to see our principal sights, we have to cross the whole country on half-a-dozen transcontinental railroads.

During the last six weeks, nevertheless, I have come across a considerable number of foreign tourists, generally in parties, in Arizona, California, and Oregon, and most of them were provided, as was to be expected, with the new Baedeker. At the Yosemite I was told that this class of travellers almost made up for the natural falling off in the number of visitors caused by the World's Fair. At only one place did I fail to meet any of them, and that was at what Capt. Dutton has called "the most sublime of all earthly spectacles," "a great innovation in modern ideas of scenery," and which is certainly the most stupendous and original of American spectacles—the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River in Arizona—characteristically American in being the biggest chasm in the world, just as Niagara is the biggest waterfall, Superior the biggest lake, and the Chicago Fair the biggest exposition ever held. The reason of this neglect of the Grand Cañon lies in the fact that it is only since last summer that it has been made readily accessible, and is therefore not as generally known and as much talked about as the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, the Columbia River, Puget Sound, and Alaska. Until last summer those who could not procure a wagon, camping outfit, and guides of their own, were able to visit the Cañon only from Peach Springs, whence they reached it in a not particularly impressive spot, and were able to see it only from below, as the road gradually descends to the river bed. Four years ago I wrote in my 'Pacific Coast Scenic Tour' that the projected new road from Flagstaff would rob the Cañon of some of its cathedral grandeur by bringing the visitor to the top instead of the bottom; but, after reaching the new point of view, I instantly changed my mind. The Peach Springs route will indeed never cease to be used, for it has charms of its own not encountered on the other route—a greater profusion and variety of cactuses, wonderful specimens of Arizona mountain architecture, a mysterious nocturnal creek, and the tributary Diamond Cañon, which realizes better than any accessible part of the Grand Cañon itself the popular idea of a cañon, as being a deep, dark, narrow chasm between two threatening walls rising perpendicularly to a height of half a mile or more. But to grasp the true grandeur of the main Cañon one must see it from the place opposite Point Sublime to which the new stage-road of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad takes us.

The Atlantic and Pacific is the only railroad by which the Grand Cañon can at present be approached, but this is no drawback, since, like other parts of the great Santa-Fé system, it provides excellently for the comfort of passengers, especially in its eating-stations, which are all under the same management, and supply meals far superior to those usually served in transcontinental dining-cars or stations. Along this route, too, are to be found the most interesting remains of Indian and Mexican life and habitation (Santa Fé, Laguna, Acoma, etc.). Much of this can be seen even from the car window; and at the stations, where the Indians assemble to sell curios (pottery, dolls, walking-sticks made of the porous ocotillo cactus, etc.), it is amusing to see how their boys and girls have learned to dodge the wily kodakers by keeping in the shade of the Pullman cars until a dime or a quarter has been offered them to overcome their superstitious objection to photography which they share with the Mohammedans.

Flagstaff, where we get off for the Cañon, is a purely American lumbering town, with no Indian or Mexican features, unless it be the burros and the large number of dusty dogs which look as if they had never had a bath. Water is as scarce at Flagstaff as in most Arizona towns, and dogs and men must consider themselves lucky if they can get enough for internal use. What little there is is brought by the railroad company in water-cars from a spring half a mile away, and at the street corners you will notice little boxes with the inscription, "Leave orders for water." At the hotel towels are no larger than a small napkin, probably in order to discourage any extravagant bathing propensities on the part of guests. Nor is Flagstaff otherwise an attractive place, except for the young pine trees amid which it lies buried, and the imposing San Francisco Mountain to the north, snow-covered eight months in the year.

Before starting for the Cañon—for after that has been seen everything for a while seems an anti-climax—half a day should be devoted to an eight-mile drive in the opposite direction, to the cliff dwellings of the Walnut Cañon. The cañon itself is easily found, but a driver should be taken to show the way to the caves along its steep sides. The road is enlivened by numerous prairie-dogs, scampering in all directions for their holes as the carriage comes into sight. They are very destructive to grain-fields. All the fine trees along the road have been cut, and nothing used except the best part of the trunk—with the same American wastefulness that formerly led hunters to slaughter deer by the dozen and save only the best cuts. The road is for the most part level, and as Flagstaff lies at an elevation of 6,935 feet above the sea, it is natural that we should arrive at the top of the cañon, whence

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there is a steep clamber down to the cliff dwellings, but not a dangerous one, there being evidence that even cattle have found their way to some of the caves, in search of grass. There are dozens of these Indian cliff dwellings on both sides of the cañon, like swallows' nests built along the precipitous limestone walls. They are not deep, but some are of considerable length, with cemented partitions, most of which have been unfortunately destroyed by unscrupulous relic-hunters. Whatever may have been the object for which these curious dwellings were excavated, it is clear that they can have been used only in winter, since in summer the only source of water, the brook at the bottom of the cañon, dries up.

Walnut Cañon is one of those extraordinary holes in the ground which in Arizona suddenly open before the astonished wanderer through forest or desert, and which constitute one of the unique features of our Southwestern scenery. Yet were it not for the cliff-dwellings it would scarcely arrest the attention, for it is only three miles long and a few hundred feet deep, whereas the Grand Cañon is 180 miles long and in some places more than a mile deep. The most impressive portion of the Grand Cañon is situated about seventy miles north of Flagstaff, and can be reached by stage in about eleven hours. The round trip is made three times a week (fare $20), the start being early in the morning; and as the hours before sunset are the best time in the day for seeing the Cañon, those who are in a great hurry can get a glimpse of its grandeur and return the next day. Others should devote at least two or three days to excursions along the brink. The trip from Flagstaff is somewhat fatiguing on account of its length, and the heat and dust; yet the dust is not as persistent and annoying as on the way to the Yosemite, and the heat is often mitigated by a brisk breeze, in which warm blasts from the Painted Desert of the Little Colorado alternate oddly with cool waves from the San Francisco Mountain. The road-bed is usually level and smooth, except here and there where we traverse one of those stony patches that abound in volcanic regions, and where the ground is roughened with igneous rocks burnt full of small holes—somewhat like the bark of trees in which woodpeckers have deposited their acorns.

For these rocks the San Francisco Mountain is, of course, responsible. It is an isolated extinct volcano, 12,794 feet in height, somewhat resembling Mount Shasta as seen from the south, and forms the pivot around which the Grand Cañon road turns, just as Shasta does for the Oregon and California Railroad. For several hours after leaving Flagstaff the road ascends gradually till it reaches a height of about 9,000 feet, only a few miles from the base of the mountain, where the air is delightfully alpine and exhilarating. Thence the ascent of the peak is occasionally made, the greater part of it being possible on horseback. The view obtained is chiefly of the illimitable desert, with a number of minor volcanic peaks and buttes, but no very high ranges, so that the ascent is less tempting to tourists in search of scenery than to students of science, who may find here the plants and animals of seven different life-zones, from the tropical sands of the desert to the arctic snow of the summit, with many curious commixtures and surprises, as, for instance, a humming-bird flitting across the very summit of the mountain!

There is hardly a moment on the whole trip to the Cañon when this grand mountain is not in view, now fully, and again with only its snowy summit peeping out between the tree-tops. Those who take their own team and camping-outfit, can make the complete circuit of the mountain by keeping to its left on the way home; but the stage has to retrace its course, on account of the relays of horses, which cannot be kept on both sides. Apart from the mountain there is not much to attract the attention *en route*, unless one is a stranger to the phenomena of the desert, or of the great pine forest, through which we drive more hours, in fact, than we do across the desert. A specimen of this wood (yellow pine) is on exhibition in the Forestry Building at Chicago, with this placard: "Arizona, known as the treeless desert, has 2,000,000 acres of pine like this, untouched by the axe." The abundance of these trees in the midst of the desert is, indeed, one of the principal surprises awaiting the visitor to the Cañon. They are fine stately trees, with plenty of elbow room, but not a few seem to have an insecure foothold in the sand, and strong winds have made them lean to one side; many others have been destroyed by the terrible lightning that often plays among them; and now the lumberman's axe is descending on them; yet it will take some time to exterminate 2,000,000 acres of trees. The absence of underbrush gives this forest a clean, park-like appearance.

Agreeable variety is provided by an occasional colony of the quaking aspen, looking very striking, with their pale-green leaves and snow-white trunks, almost a hundred feet in height, and straight as masts. According to Dr. Merriam, the porous soil of this region "supports a sparse growth of bunch-grass which is high enough after the rainy season sets in to conceal the rocky surface, and, at a little distance, to present the appearance of a meadow." But in the dry season grass is scarce, and the absence of flowers places this route in unpleasant contrast to the Yosemite road, along which there is a constant succession of new flowers. There are indeed a few cactus blossoms—some on the brink and along the walls of the Cañon—which try to atone by their brilliant crimson color for their isolation, but even cactus is scant here. In a region where even the sage-brush of the northern alkaline deserts finds its southeastern limit, one would expect an abundance of drought-loving cactus; but I fancy that the cold and snow of winter often prove fatal to it; for it must be borne in mind that we are here at an elevation of over 7,000 feet, and that the climate is entirely unlike that of neighboring California, where it rains only in winter, while this Arizona plateau, like Mexico, gets its principal rains in midsummer (provided it gets any at all), and in winter the snow often lies several feet deep.

Evidence that Arizona has not had enough rain for two or three years past had been painfully evident from the car-windows, and was still more so after we left Flagstaff. Every few minutes the skeletons of cattle were seen lying near the track, some with the dried skin still drawn over them; in one place there were eighteen of them in a group: they had evidently succumbed to thirst before they could reach the station that was to take them to Kansas. Along the stage-road from Flagstaff to the Cañon, I was surprised to find a number of grain-fields which get along without irrigation, and not a few cattle and sheep ranches, with many animals. Some cattle were also kept at the stations where we changed horses, and which consisted merely of a stable for the horses, a tent for the man in charge, and a lonely dog who was always delighted when the stage came. Water is usually piped to these stations, and there is enough for the cattle as well as the horses, but food is very scant, and the cattle have a dwarfed, lean, and rough appearance, looking as if they had licked each other all over and the hair had refused to be smoothed again. It is certainly not a paradise for animals—excepting lizards, of which there are many species; yet in the groves near the Cañon deer and antelope are said to be still quite abundant, and the Indians still come here to hunt. They used to call at the camp, too, until their visits were "discouraged." The omnipresent coyote, of course, abounds. We passed one only a hundred yards from us, and, instead of running, it stared at us boldly. Perhaps it had heard that the California authorities had just stopped paying a bounty on coyote scalps, most of which were imported from Arizona. These cowardly animals are sometimes so crazed by thirst that they rush up to a spring while men and cattle are drinking from it, and can thus be killed with a stick or stone.

HENRY T. FINCK.

THE MEMOIRS OF GEN. BIGARRÉ.

PARIS, August 15, 1893.

AFTER the great Napoleon, shall we have all his brothers and sisters? and not only his brothers and sisters, his mistresses? M. Frédéric Masson has already published in the literary part of *Figaro* twenty-five articles under the heading, 'Les Femmes de Napoléon.' The series is not finished yet, and it will make a volume. I have before me the 'Memoirs of General Bigarré, aide-de-camp to King Joseph.' This last mention was necessary, for, as a general, Bigarré left no reputation. People will read these memoirs chiefly for details about one of Napoleon's brothers and his ephemeral reigns in Naples and in Spain. General Bigarré wrote towards 1830; he was at that time fifty-five years old. The manuscript was presented to the library of Angers.

The publisher tells us candidly that "the style is not correct, the phraseology is often strained or trivial; the *gauloiserie* will often shock the least prudish; the judgments are not very elevated. But, in spite of these reproaches, it seemed to us that the innate honesty of this rude and illiterate soldier, his sincere patriotism, his enthusiasms, even his prejudices, which are a faithful and curious reflection of his time, the importance of the events and the personages he had seen, were capable of pleasing and interesting a reader." And so they are. I opened the book with diffidence, and read it with pleasure; the part of the memoirs anterior to the Revolution has a special interest, inasmuch as Bigarré was a Breton, and gives us curious particulars as to his province. His father was seneschal of Belle-Isle-en-mer; he himself was born on January 1, 1775, and was the thirteenth child of the family. He very early imbibed military tastes, as the island was garrisoned by two Swiss regiments, Courten and Castella, which were replaced after four years by two other crack regiments. Bigarré was destined for the sea and made his first journey to Bordeaux at the age of twelve. He studied afterwards a little hydrography and mathematics at Lorient. He was only fourteen when the Revolution of 1789 broke out; he was allowed, however, to wear the new uniform of the National Guard, and he was the first to show at Belle-Isle the blue coat, with its white lining, and the pink collar and cuffs. "Everybody looked at me as one of the children of the brave Lafayette, as one of the defenders of the country."

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His father sent him on a merchant ship to San Domingo, and while he was there he became a witness of the revolt of the colored population and of the bloody struggles which took place in the West Indies. On his return to France he found everything changed. The majority of the officers of the army and navy had emigrated; in the Normandy regiment which was garrisoned at Belle-Isle, there were twelve places of sub-lieutenant vacant. Bigarré's father obtained one for him at the age of eighteen. He was enchanted to wear the white uniform of Normandy. His first campaigns, alas! were made in Brittany against the Chouans and the Vendeans; his father and his brother were threatened every day with the guillotine, and he was obliged to fight the men who were the armed adversaries of the Terror. The war which he had to make resembled much that in which he had participated in San Domingo—a war of surprises, of ambuscades, of devastation. Bigarré was employed against the émigrés of the Quiberon expedition; he saw the unfortunate Sombreuil, who was executed, as well as all the émigrés who were taken prisoners at Quiberon. He joined the naval expedition which was sent by Gen. Hoche against Ireland. He was on the ship *The Rights of Man*, which had to sustain a terrible fight and was afterwards wrecked in Bantry Bay. Bigarré was one of the survivors of the Legion of France, which had been organized for Ireland, a legion of 2,600 volunteers clad in the uniforms taken at Quiberon. The Irish expedition was, on the whole, deplorably conducted. "England," says Bigarré, "rejoiced at our disasters. She saw Ireland escape a revolution which would have freed her; she was not ignorant that we brought to Ireland a government of her choice, arms for an army, and 12,000 picked men to rid her of the English yoke."

Bigarré, after this unhappy expedition, was sent to the army of Sambre-et-Meuse. We find him first on the Rhine, then going to Paris with his regiment to help the movement which has kept the name of the 18th Fructidor. This movement was the triumph, says Bigarré, of the Republican party over the irresolute and the inconstant. The three Directors, Barras, Rewbell, La Révellière-Lépeaux, turned Carnot and Barthélemy out of the Directory; arrested Pichegru; deported fifty-two Deputies and several generals. After the 18th Fructidor, Bigarré was sent to Switzerland, and afterwards to Bavaria. The account of his campaigns is oddly mixed up with the story of his numerous and necessarily short love affairs; he was eminently one of those warriors who were, in the language of his time, devoted equally to Mars and to Venus, and he would have us think he was as irresistible in the domain of love as on the battle-field. His fatuity is simply ridiculous, but his adventures somewhat relieve the tedium of military operations, though they have an unpardonable vulgarity and did not deserve to become a part of the memoirs. But it is clear that Bigarré thought that love and war were one and inseparable. In love, he says, as in war, "vaincre sans péril, c'est triompher sans gloire"—thus altering a classical verse,

"À vaincre sans péril, on triomphe sans gloire."

At the waters of Luxeuil, where he was sent for his health, he made the acquaintance of Mme. Bonaparte. He danced with her daughter, Hortense Beauharnais, who became Queen Hortense, and he was induced by the kindness of Josephine to write a letter to Bonaparte asking him for a place in the picked body called the Consular Guard. Bonaparte appointed him captain in the chasseurs of this guard. Bigarré had now many occasions to see the First Consul, who resided at the time at Malmaison. He now thought of marrying, and asked for the hand of a young lady whom he had known in Alsace at Colmar. This lady gave her consent, and they were married in 1802. Mme. Bigarré had seen much of Mme. Bonaparte at the house of Rewbell, who was her uncle, and was intimate with Hortense Beauharnais. Mme. Bonaparte had a small theatre at Malmaison, which became the rendezvous of the ambassadors, of the highest personages of state. The principal actresses were Hortense de Beauharnais, Caroline Bonaparte, Mme. Savary, Mme. Duchâtel; the best actors were Eugène de Beauharnais, Bourrienne, Savary, Lauriston, Marmont. Masséna had a fine estate near Malmaison. One of the best portraits of Napoleon represents him in the dress of the Consular Guard walking before Malmaison. In the famous portrait by Gérard (now at Chantilly) the Emperor also wears the green uniform of the Guard of the Consuls.

When the First Consul began to meditate the 18th Brumaire, he sounded Rewbell, the ex-Director, several times, who was living quietly at Arcueil. Bigarré tells us that Rewbell did not like the First Consul, and gave him to understand that he could not work on his side, but "that Bonaparte might count on his neutrality in case of extraordinary events."

"I knew well," says Bigarré, "the ex-Director Rewbell, since for three years I saw him every day either at his house in the Rue de Varennes or at his country house at Arcueil. I can attest that he was a man of much *esprit* and of great firmness of character. The First Consul knew so well that he was a statesman and a Frenchman *par excellence* that he several times sent word to him by Mme. Bonaparte or by Gen. Lefebvre that it only depended on him to become a minister."

M. Rewbell would never submit to pay court to the First Consul. He did not esteem Fouché nor Talleyrand, and would never consent to be their colleague. After having been Director, Rewbell died without leaving to his children any greater fortune than he had in 1789. "His eldest son was persecuted by the First Consul for having been a witness for Jerome when he married Miss Paterson at Baltimore, and for having brought to Gen. Bonaparte a portrait of his sister-in-law." We learn also in these Memoirs that the Rewbell family rendered many services to Mme. Bonaparte during the Egyptian expedition; she always remembered it, "but the austerity of Rewbell's principles constantly thwarted the good intentions of this generous woman."

The Consular Guard proved to be the nucleus of the Imperial Guard. Bigarré became a Colonel and commanded a regiment of the Guard at the camp of Boulogne and in the campaign which ended at Austerlitz. During the battle, a battalion led by him was charged three times by the Russian cavalry, and in the last charge lost its eagle; the man who carried the flag received twelve wounds before it could be taken from his hands. Bigarré was much mortified by the loss of this eagle. Napoleon reviewed Vandamme's Division, to which he belonged, on the 25th of December at his headquarters in Schönbrunn; and, on arriving before the Fourth, which was Bigarré's regiment, he spoke thus to the battalion which had no eagle: "Soldiers, what have you done with the eagle which I confided to you? You swore to rally round it, and to defend it at the risk of your lives. How have you kept your promise?" Bigarré came forward and said that his regiment had done its whole duty; he explained at length how the unfortunate event had taken place. The Emperor smiled: "Well, you shall have another eagle." He invited Vandamme and all his colonels to dinner; but Bigarré was so outraged by the reproaches of Napoleon that he sent his excuses and did not join the other colonels. In vain did Napoleon afterwards appoint Bigarré Officer of the Legion of Honor; he resolved to offer his services to Prince Joseph Bonaparte, who had been appointed King of the Two Sicilies, and waited quietly for the answer of the new King. Joseph readily accepted his offer, and Napoleon authorized Bigarré to enter his brother's service. When he took leave of him, before quitting France, Napoleon said to him: "Well, are you angry with me, since you leave my service?" "Sire, I beg your Majesty not to think it; in going to Naples I hope to serve you more actively than here." "Well, tell the King that he must give you a regiment of his guard to command, and remain always a good Frenchman."

Bigarré was now beginning a second life, as it were; he was separated from the Grande Armée and following the fortunes of Joseph Bonaparte. This portion of the Memoirs contains many interesting details, especially in regard to Spain and the popular movement against the French. The Memoirs end in the year 1812; we are not told if this volume is to be followed by a second one, or if Bigarré, for some reason or other, did not continue to write. In 1830 he could have had much more to say on the eventful period which separates 1812 and 1815.

Correspondence.

SILVER IN POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The movement which will soon result in the repeal of the Silver-Purchase Law proves conclusively that the silver folly has hitherto flourished chiefly through the sufferance and indulgence of those who could not be brought to believe that such madness could count seriously against a nation "of boundless resources." Men like Senator Sherman have up to the present crisis been governed in their financial course, not by economical principle, but by supposed political expediency. The present policy would never have been forced upon the country by any amount of ignorant or interested agitation, had not the authors of political platforms, the editors of partisan newspapers, and leaders in the halls of Congress, indifferent to remote results, attempted to outbid each other in securing the Western or Southern vote. I think it safe to affirm that practically none of these men, after careful study, honestly judged the policy advocated in party platforms to be wise. Their insincere juggling with dangerous catchwords was of a piece with their usual treatment of the tariff and the so-called labor problems. It is upon them, therefore, that the blame for a disastrous and expensive experiment rests, and it is to be hoped that they have laid its lesson to heart.

There is, however, one ambiguous phrase which has lately become current, that leads me to fear that we are not yet out of the woods. The silver question, we are told, and rightly told, is not a party question. Does this mean that both parties may in the future contain both sound and unsound-money men?

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Are the combined sound-money men of both parties to be steadily antagonized by the combined cheap-money men within the same organizations? Despite Mr. Bland's reappointment, let us hope not. Leaders must recognize that no party which is uncertain on the money issue can continue to direct public affairs. No matter what a man's opinions on the tariff, if he believe in the efficacy of depreciated currency, he should be driven into the Populist camp; for the cheap-money demagogue necessarily holds that as the first and chief article of his creed.

If a fearless and unflinching programme like this can be executed, we are assured of the leisure and moderation required for future exigencies. Aside from the invaluable educational work of this summer's difficulties, the proselytizing power of any idea will be seriously impaired if it is branded as the hobby of the "long-haired men and short-haired women" who gather under the banner of Senator Peffer and Mrs. Lease. Ideas, like men, are known by the company they keep; and commerce would certainly have little to fear from any doctrine that is the peculiar property of the Alliance. The business and laboring men who have hitherto "favored silver" have followed the guidance of a Senator, editor, or Representative, whose opinions, in turn, have been dictated only by the desire to court favor through the flattery of popular prejudice. The common people may be relied on, if their leaders remain true and genuine: Grover Cleveland's career proves that. A. F.

Louisville, Ky., August 28, 1893.

JAY AND GARDOQUI.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your notice of the last volume of Prof. Johnston's 'Correspondence and Public Papers of John Jay' you speak of Jay's "weakness with Gardoqui." You refer, of course, to his willingness to yield for a term of years the free navigation of the Mississippi, while still asserting the right to it, in exchange for liberal commercial concessions on the part of Spain. Jay may have shown weakness in that matter, but if so he was weak in good company. For example, Washington, who had visited the Western country the year before, wrote to Richard Henry Lee, President of Congress, August 22, 1785, as follows:

"However singular the opinion may be, I cannot divest myself of it, that the navigation of the Mississippi, *at this time*, ought to be no object with us. On the contrary, until we have a little time allowed to open and make easy the ways between the Atlantic States and the Western territory, the obstructions had better remain. There is nothing which binds one country or one State to another but interest. Without this cement the Western inhabitants, who more than probably will be composed in a great degree of foreigners, can have no predilection for us, and a commercial connexion is the only tie we can have upon them. It is clear to me that the trade of the lakes, and of the River Ohio, as low as the Great Kenhawa, if not to the falls, may be brought to the Atlantic ports easier and cheaper, taking the whole voyage together, than it can be carried to New Orleans; but, once open the door to the latter before the obstructions are removed from the former, let commercial connexions, which lead to others, be formed, and the habit of that trade be well established, and it will be found to be no easy matter to divert it, and *vice versa*. When the settlements are stronger and more extended to the westward, the navigation of the Mississippi will be an object of importance, and we shall then be able, reserving our claims, to speak a more efficacious language than policy, I think, dictates at present." (Works, ix., p. 119.)

B. A. Hinsdale.

Ann Arbor, Mich., August 26, 1893.

EVOLUTION MISUNDERSTOOD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Taking up *Nature* of August 10, I find in it a certain inference from Darwinism which I have frequently seen before, and which thus far seems to have passed muster unchallenged, though certainly false; at least I have nowhere seen its validity denied.

Nature says that the *New Review* contains an article by Prof. Ludwig Büchner on "The Brain of Women," and proceeds to give from it the following extract:

"If we consider that for thousands of years woman, by reason of her subordinate social position, has received a different education from her male partner, and that her training has led her in quite another direction than his, that her horizon has been a more limited one, and, moreover, that every encouragement has been given to the play of her emotions at the expense of the activity of her intellect, and, finally, that this state of affairs has lasted from generation to generation through mother to daughter, then I say that from a physiological standpoint there should be no cause for surprise that, as a result, woman should differ from man, that her brain should be inferior to his, or at any rate should have developed on different lines, or, as we have been saying, that the fore part of her brain should be found to be proportionately less and the hind part proportionately greater than that of man."

Now, I submit that our natural qualities, aptitudes, propensities, come to us not through *one* parent but *both*, and that there is no such a thing as descent of natural faculties or deficiencies in line female only. It is too well known to require being insisted upon that the daughter will inherit aptitudes, peculiarities, features, form, etc., from father as well as from mother, and that the son will thus inherit from mother as well as from father.

Whatever, therefore, may be true of the deficiencies or excellences of the minds of women as compared with the minds of men, this result must be due to the natural course of development of the female organism as distinguished from the male, under like conditions.

Respectfully, Werner A. Stille.

St. Louis, August 26, 1893.

Notes.

Harper & Bros. have nearly ready 'Essays in London and Elsewhere,' by Henry James, and 'The Work of John Ruskin: Its Influence on Modern Thought and Life,' by Dr. Charles Waldstein.

Books on the scenic wonders of the Pacific slope are multiplying fast. One of the latest is 'The Yosemite, Alaska, and the Yellowstone Valley,' by Wm. H. Wiley and Sara K. Wiley (New York: John Wiley & Sons). It consists of a series of papers reprinted from *Engineering*, descriptive of a journey of 10,000 miles, undertaken by the American Institute of Mechanical Engineers. It includes an account of the trip across the Union Pacific Railroad to Pike's Peak, Garden of the Gods, and other Colorado attractions, the return trip being made via the Northern Pacific. The style of these descriptions is frankly journalistic, often superficial, sometimes graphic, with plenty of spice in the form of drolleries and witticisms such as are apt to be perpetrated on such a journey. Some of the jokes and descriptions are repeated, giving evidence of careless editing, but, taken as a whole, the book is readable and calculated to stimulate the appetite of intending tourists. The best part of it is the chapter devoted to Alaska. The visit was made early in the summer, the result being sunlight twenty-one hours out of twenty-four at the northernmost point, and there was more snow and ice than are usually encountered on this trip. A good description is given of the Muir Glacier. Among the evidences of dawning civilization was an Indian brass band at Sitka. The young men "played surprisingly well, keeping the most perfect time." There are no fewer than 157 illustrations, some from photographs taken by members of the party, others familiar scenes that may be bought in the stores. Those of the Leland Stanford University will be new to most readers of books on the Pacific slope.

The 'Boston Illustrated' guide-book issued for some twenty years with periodic patching by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., has been written *de novo* by Mr. Edwin M. Bacon, and freshly illustrated by pen-drawings from one hand. Mr. Bacon's capacity for his task was exemplified in his admirable 'Dictionary of Boston.' He now takes up the city in the order of its quarters, and what he forbears to insert in the text often finds a place in the index, which abounds in statistics, historical notices, and such data as the price of board at hotels. This is a very satisfactory innovation. There is a new folding-map of the city, and sections of it are interleaved with the descriptive narrative.

The plural title of 'Les Moreau' in the series "Les Artistes Célèbres" (Paris: Librairie de *l'Art;* New York: Macmillan) holds good for but a few pages. The elder of the Moreau brothers, Louis-Gabriel, has almost no history, and M. Adrien Moureau's concern is with Jean-Michel ("Moreau le jeune"), the engraver and designer, who illustrated in the most prolific manner Ovid and Molière, President Hénault and 'Orlando Furioso,' Rousseau and Voltaire and Laborde, the great 'Monument de Costume' of 1789, and many another work. He was born in 1741, and faithfully caught the lineaments of the old régime in its downfall, and has recorded with his pencil the opening scenes of the Revolution, in which, though he still continued to produce into the present century, he underwent a change, like most things about him. M. Moureau is a candid biographer; he introduces many copies from Moreau's prints and from his unpublished sketches in the Museum of the Louvre.

A pamphlet 'In Memoriam' of the late Col. Charles C. Jones, jr., LL.D., historian, biographer, and archæologist (1831–1893), by Charles Edgeworth Jones, published at Augusta, Ga., records the literary productions of one of the most industrious writers of our time. Col. Jones was educated at three colleges—South Carolina, Princeton, and Harvard—and, after serving on the Confederate side in the civil war, he lived for a period of twelve years in this city and vicinity, practising law and composing work after work in his four favorite lines, viz., Indian antiquities, Revolutionary, Georgian, and Rebellion history and biography. With the more permanent publications were mingled addresses and newspaper articles to the total number of eighty. These were all of serious and mostly of high merit. We read of his father, a Presbyterian clergyman, that he was eminent for his "devotion to the cause of the evangelization and moral elevation of the human race." To Col. Jones himself we owe an essay on 'Negro Slaves and their Relations to the Confederate Government during the Civil War,' and the little volume 'Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast,' for which even "Uncle Remus" had left room.

The *Sewanee Review*, a quarterly journal of much promise issued by the Faculty of the Uni-

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versity of the South at Sewanee, Tenn., completes its first volume with the current (August) number. In this number most to be remarked of the eight leading papers is one on "Features of American Slavery," principally from the point of view of the legal status. The tone is restrained and passionless, but the writer's candor and humane sympathies are apparent. Speaking of the stress laid by the laws on prohibiting the teaching of slaves to write, he surmises that the intention was to prevent "communication on the part of the slave with people at a distance." But there was a much nearer motive. Ability to write meant ability to counterfeit passes which would outwit the ignorant midnight "patterrollers," and so permit a freer intercourse between plantations or even pave the way to a fugitive's "enlargement."

There is an accent of truth in a biographical sketch, "An Abolitionist," in the July number of the monthly *Home and Country* (New York: Joseph W. Kay), which purports to give an inside view of the "Underground Railroad," not only as a receiver and forwarder of voluntary fugitives, but as an organized promoter of business by runners at the South. The branch which fell under the writer's observation was that of Ohio. He expresses his surprise that "no history of this remarkable body [U. G. R. R.] has ever been written," but Still's History and Smedley's (for Pennsylvania) and the Reminiscences of Levi Coffin (for Ohio) are well-known works, and Harriet Tubman's heroic adventures as a runner-off of her own color have also formed the subject of a memoir. We do not, however, remember to have read of any river scheme like that somewhat incredibly described by Mr. M. H. Peters, the magazine writer in question.

A fine analysis of the traits of the late Guillaume Guizot by his intimate friend M. A. Sorel, President of the Cercle St.-Simon, is given in the July Bulletin of that historical society. A man of the most ready and brilliant conversation, a scholar whose memory was extraordinarily sure and extensive, he died the writer of but one work, his 'Ménandre.' He had projected an edition of Montaigne, but his idea of preparation for it resembled that prescribed by Mark Pattison for the editing of Selden's 'Table Talk': "il y voulait faire entrer dans ce livre tout un siècle, tous les antécédents de ce siècle, toutes les suites dans les autres siècles." His end was attended with great suffering, which he bore unselfishly and stoically. His dying father had had Corneille read to him; he murmured Virgil's

"O passi graviora, dabit Deus his quoque finem."

His endurance of the operation on his throat caused the surgeon's assistant to exclaim, "This is a man of Utica." But Guizot wrote, as soon as he was able: "That youngster is mistaken; Cato was not of Utica, he merely died there."

The first Circular of Information from the Bureau of Education for the current year is a third, revised edition of Mr. Julius Ensign Rockwell's 'Shorthand Instruction and Practice,' an historical work of world-wide range, especially valuable for its statistics of instruction in shorthand in the United States for the year ending June 30, 1890, its chapter on the employment of stenographers in courts, and its comparative tables of shorthand alphabets.

A brief history of the Chilian Revolution of 1891 has just issued from the Office of Naval Intelligence at Washington (War Series No. IV., Information from Abroad). It is a report from personal observation by two officers of the *Baltimore*, Lieut. Sears and B. W. Wells, jr. The causes of the hostilities are stated, and the course of hostilities followed to the end, with maps and photographic views. The leading manifestoes of the two opposing parties are given in an appendix. The Hon. Patrick Egan cuts a modest figure, and the bias of our navy and the bullying of our Government have nothing to do with this narrative.

Among this year's notices of collegiate honors taken by women, mention should be made of the award of the mathematical fellowship (value $400) at Cornell University for 1893–94. There were twelve applicants, nine men and three women, of whom one was from Girton College, Cambridge. As it is stated that the candidates "showed very remarkable ability," Miss MacKinnon (a M. S. of the University of Kansas), to whom the fellowship was finally given, can enjoy the satisfaction of feeling that she has contributed her modest quota to a mass of cumulative proof of the mathematical quality of the feminine intelligence. Such proof is still further reënforced by the latest announcement from the examiners (or, as they are technically called, the "Moderators") in the Honor School of Mathematical Moderations at Oxford. No Oxford residence students went in for this examination, but four women from outside colleges were well placed; two graduates of Royal Holloway College securing a first-class, and one student each from the Royal Holloway and from University College, Cardiff, taking a third-class.

No more picturesque episode in the evolution of higher educational opportunities for women has occurred in our generation than the admission last year of two young Chinese women as medical students at the University of Michigan. These almond-eyed followers of Hippocrates are Christian converts who expect on their return to China to approach their fellow-country women as missionaries, under the persuasive and merciful guise of the good physician. They are officially reported as being "very intelligent, excellent students, having no trouble in doing the work of their respective classes. . . . Indeed, they are regarded as more than average students."

Apropos of the recent citation of Increase Mather's application in 1692 of the term University to Harvard, the following extract may be of interest. It is taken from Mather's 'Brief Account concerning Several of the Agents of New-England, etc.,' dated London, November 16, 1691. We have italicized the various denominations employed for the same institution:

"As long as that Countrey [New England] lay unsettled, as to the Civil Government, I could not do much for the *Colledge;* only I prevailed with a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, to bequeath a Legacy of Five Hundred Pounds to that *Society*. And now in this New-Charter, all Donations or Revenues granted to that *Academy*, are by the King, under the Great Seal of England, Confirmed. I humbly proposed to some great Ministers of State, That a particular Charter might be granted for the Incorporating that *School* for Academical Learning. Answer was made, That it should be so, if I desired it: But that a better way would be, for the General Court of the Massachusetts Colony, by a Law, to Incorporate their Colledge; and to make it an *University*, with as ample Priviledges as they should think necessary," etc.

—A singular quality is given to the tone of the September *Atlantic* by the fact that the number consists almost entirely of essays. The verse is cut down to a minimum, and the only portion of fiction allowed is an instalment of Miss Murfree's "His Vanished Star"—a novel so like several of its predecessors that one feels already familiar with its plot and its characters. Most of the essay matter is in the gently meditative manner. The authors discourse staidly of love and marriage, of wayside happenings on a Florida road, and of such of the vegetable contents of the woods and fields as small boys delight in. The subjects of other articles are, it is true, of more solid importance, but in nearly all the tone is oppressively courtly or gravely impersonal. The notable exception is a vigorous reply by President Walker to Prof. Shaler's singular assertion, in the preceding issue, that a technical school not connected with a university is in all probability an anomalous or impermanent growth. His opponent's argument turns the tables by reversing Prof. Shaler's assertion, and declaring that, however beneficial the association of the technical school with the university might be to the university, it may be questioned whether the technical school would be better off, "in view of the multitude of distractions which beset ordinary student life, and the frivolity of many of the interests which are there deemed of prime importance."

—In the September *Century* fiction is merely one of the elements of construction. It is for the most part mediocre, and the peculiar alertness, freshness, and vigor so characteristic of our best periodicals are here produced by a skilful blending of kinds of subject-matter. Thus we find articles in which statistics from the census of 1890 support inferences as to the results of unrestricted immigration and as to the relations between idleness and crime among our native-born population. Interesting, too, is the biographical and critical matter relating to Defoe and Webster, the compact sketch of W. J. Stillman's adventurous life, and the continuation of Salvini's autobiography. The longest article in the issue, as well as that best worth repeated reading, is Mr. G. E. Woodberry's "Taormina Note-Book." It is less a record of what a traveller saw day by day in one of the loveliest of Sicilian towns than an essay in which are embedded all the more permanent impressions made on the mind of a scholar and a poet by the wealth of associations that history and the muses have showered upon Sicily, and by its native beauty of sea and sky and mountain.

—The leading article in *Harper's* is Mr. Davis's account of still another side of English life—the picturesque happenings that attend a general election in the country. Mrs. Pennell describes with enthusiasm another out-of-the-way French town, this time Rocamadour, which she calls "an Albert Dürer town set in an Albert Dürer landscape"; and Col. Dodge continues his now somewhat bewildering enumeration of the peculiar characteristics which distinguish the various kinds of horses and horsemanship in Eastern lands. In addition there are interesting papers which concern directly American biography and history. Mr. Norton gives extracts from some twenty letters of Lowell's, most of which are taken from the forthcoming volumes of his correspondence. Like the letters published by Mr. Stillman, and such others as have found their way into print, these rank among the highest of their kind, so completely do they fulfil Lowell's own dictum that "a letter ought always to be the genuine and natural flower of one's disposition—proper both to the writer and the season—and none of your turnip japonicas, cut laboriously out of a cheap and flabby material." Ex-Senator Maxey tells the story of the colonization of Texas and its brave career as a republic until

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it became a part of the Union. Mr. Janvier continues his interesting researches among the relics of bygone days in New York, by following the course of the old Abingdon road—which, it seems, was known in the last part of the last century as Love Lane—and the fortunes and transformations of the estate and village of Chelsea. The remaining articles are biographical sketches of Prof. Barnard, the astronomer, and of Daniel de Gresollon, Sieur de L'hut, the soldier, explorer, and adventurer for whom Duluth was named.

—The current number of *Scribner's* shows how far afield our periodicals often run in their pursuit of the fresh and interesting. Not reckoning in the fiction, scarcely one article deals with strictly American materials. The leading article and the frontispiece concern Isaak Walton. Mr. Sullivan describes with loving minuteness the manuscript of Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers," which the Harvard College Library now possesses by gift of Mr. Leslie Stephen, and finds the details of its composition characteristic of the author. Andrew Lang contributes a laboriously erudite epistle to Samuel Pepys, Esq., intended for a new edition of "Letters to Dead Authors." Austin Dobson, at home in all that pertains to the history of English literature and society in the eighteenth century, writes with consummate accuracy and charm of the home-life of Samuel Richardson. Other articles deal with the evolution of modern clothing, with the proverbial tides in the Bay of Fundy, and with the life and trade of the machinist. The only contribution that deliberately casts in its lot with the people, fashions, and customs peculiar to these United States is Robert Grant's "Opinions of a Philosopher," which comes to an end in this number.

—The first part of 'Die Wahrheit über Emin Pascha' (Berlin: D. Reimer), by Vita Hassan, contains a fairly interesting account of affairs in the Equatorial Province from January, 1881, till the breaking off of communications with Egypt two years later. The author, an Italian by nationality, though an African by birth, was the medical officer of the province, and writes intelligently and with an evident attempt at impartiality of the events which came under his notice. Though his narrative, thus far, contains little or nothing that is new, he has much to tell of the manners and customs of the Sudanese Arabs which is curious and entertaining. His account, for instance, of the marriage ceremonies of the former is singularly graphic. In the latter half of the volume he sketches the history of the eastern Sudan from its conquest by Egypt to the fall of Khartum. He has little sympathy with Gen. Gordon, and criticises his first administration severely, as marked by blunders and disastrous to Egyptian interests. His final failure he ascribes to an overweening self-confidence. Of Emin there is, as yet, comparatively little said, and praise and blame are about equally bestowed. The general impression left is that his rule differed but little from that of an upright and enlightened Turk. When he saw oppression, he relieved it, if it was possible, but he seems to have been able to put few checks upon the savagery of his soldiers. Raids for cattle—and apparently for slaves—were not uncommon. The only instructions which Emin gave when they were made upon tribes with whom they were at peace were that they should be without damage to persons, houses, or fields. It may be remembered that the soldiers left by Emin, who have been recently stationed by Capt. Lugard in Uganda, are a serious menace to the welfare of the country through their raids. Emin is also described as being very suspicious and jealous of his higher officers, and several instances are given of his arbitrary or underhand treatment of them. On the other hand, he is represented as displaying high qualities as a ruler, and it is made evident that with better material to work with he would have accomplished far more than he did in developing the resources of the Equatorial Province. A portrait of the author, who died in March last, is given. The book is translated into the German from the French by Dr. B. Moritz, who occasionally adds an explanatory note or corrects an error in the original text.

—Of the two fragments of early Christian literature brought to light last year, the Gospel and the Apocalypse of Peter, the Gospel naturally attracts the most attention from students of Christian origins. In the Apocalypse, however, are several features of unusual interest for the student of social and literary history. This document, attributed by Harnack to the first half of the second century, far antedates all other extant Christian detailed and realistic descriptions of the torments of hell, and is thus the prototype of that species of literature, widely popular at a later date, of which Dante's 'Inferno' is the greatest example. The torments themselves are elaborations of fancies derived from Greek sources, perhaps the Orphica, and are chiefly interesting when looked upon as in the initial stage of centuries of service as the terror of all, both the wicked and the good, the awful background of death. From the sins for which these torments are inflicted we get a most instructive glimpse of the moral feeling which pervaded early Christian society. The growth of asceticism is foreshadowed by the severity with which sexual offences are punished. In regard to the rich and comfortable we find a vindictive tone which offers a striking counterpart to the bitterest utterances of modern socialism. This is the way in which the tables would be turned in the next world: "And in another place were jagged stones, sharper than swords or any spit, glowing with fire; and women and men clothed in filthy rags were rolling on them being punished. Now these were the rich that trusted in their riches and did not take pity on the orphans and widows, but regarded not the commandment of God." This picture is a very natural outgrowth of Luke xvi. 19–31 and James v. 1, or of what lay behind those passages. The next verse contains the earliest Christian condemnation of taking interest: "In another pool filled with blood and matter and boiling filth, stood men and women up to their knees; these were they who took usury and demanded interest on interest." The verse immediately following deals with those guilty of abnormal sexual offences, and thus, curiously enough, we find the same juxtaposition of sinners which is so striking in the eleventh canto of the 'Inferno':

> "E però lo minor giron suggella
> Del segno suo e Soddoma e Caorsa."

In the Apocalypse the collocation is not so apparently intentional, and the punishments are different, but with little choice in regard to painfulness. This passage in Dante probably strikes most readers as the very essence of mediævalism. In this point, as in many others, the mediæval view was nearer primitive Christianity than we realize. A mass of literature is rapidly accumulating about these two documents. Harnack's 'Bruchstücke des Evangeliums und der Apocalypse des Petrus' (2d ed., Leipzig, 1893) is probably the most complete edition. It contains the text, with introduction, translation, and notes, besides a detailed critical excursus on the Gospel and full indexes. Harnack is the authority for two or three of the more important historical statements given above. The English reader will find an English version with commentary in Robinson and James's 'The Gospel according to Peter and the Revelation of Peter' (London, 1892).

OHNEFALSCH-RICHTER'S KYPROS.—I.

Kypros, the Bible, and Homer: Oriental civilization, art, and religion in ancient times elucidated by the author's own researches and excavations during twelve years' work in Cyprus. By Max Ohnefalsch-Richter, Ph.D. With a letter to the author from the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Two volumes. Vol. I.: Text; Vol. II.: Plates. London: Asher & Co. 1893. Folio, pp. ix, 530; 7, ccxviii.

RICHTER'S full report of his work in Cyprus is a welcome addition to the resources of the student of archæology. Coming after the other explorers, he is able to verify or correct and to use their observations, and thus to make his book in a sort a history of Cypriot research. With some of these gentlemen he has unnecessary tilts respecting questions of priority in discovery, but in general his tone regarding his work is quiet and not undignified, though in the nature of the case often self-assertive. What he has done may safely be left to speak for itself: he has not only made important discoveries, but (building in part on others) he has laid the foundation of a scientific arrangement of the material, without which the details will be of comparatively little value. The account of his excavations is given chiefly in the opening chapter of the first volume and in the explanations of the plates. The body of the work is devoted to an examination of Cyprian deities and cults, and their relation to Egyptian, Semitic, and Greek religious ideas and customs; it is, in fact, a contribution to the history of one side of the old Semitic-Greek religion.

The number of details with which the author has to deal is immense, and it is not strange that he does not always succeed in bringing them into orderly array. Nor is it surprising, though it is regrettable, that the costly English translation, printed at Berlin, is typographically bad; in addition to the errata given at the end of vol. i., many words are misspelt, the punctuation is often faulty, and there is inconsistency in the writing of proper names. In some cases also the translation appears to be incorrect. We do not forget that the difficulties in bringing out the work were great; nevertheless, in so important a book we have a right to expect accuracy of printing. On the other hand, the illustrations in the second volume are admirable in execution, and bring together materials from various quarters so as to allow of helpful comparison. Too much praise cannot be given to the author's patient industry and conscientious devotion. His reading is wide, his references to authorities are numerous and precise, and he is careful to assign to each his own. The explanations of the plates are full of matter, and the author's suggestions and hypotheses, scattered throughout the two volumes, are always interesting, if they do not always commend themselves as correct. The indexes and cross-references are good, but there is no table of contents.

The main object of the work is to exhibit

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Cyprus as the meeting-point and distributing-centre of the ancient world, and to show how it illustrates and how it helped to form the religious framework of Semites and Greeks. The discussion is archæological-historical rather than theological-historical; it confines itself to showing the existence of certain representations of deities and cults in Cyprus, and does not attempt to examine into the origin of the religious ideas that underlie them. This limitation is perfectly proper: Richter's investigations are of the nature of a preparation for the theogonic history.

Among the points of special interest in his work is his description of the Astarte-Aphrodite cult. It has been held for some time that the Greek Aphrodite was of Semitic origin. The grounds on which this view is based are the Semitic coloring of the Greek goddess and the indication of Oriental origin in the earliest Greek notices of her. Richter has added nothing of great importance to this evidence, but he has traced the history of Astarte-Aphrodite images from the early fetish-forms to the final creations of Greek art. He is no doubt right in recognizing a close relation between the conic Aphrodite of Paphos and the quadrangular goddess of Athens. This progression of forms is what we should expect, and it is perhaps only in Cyprus that we could find it demonstrated. A noticeable feature brought out is the nose-ring in statues of the goddess; this is, however, chiefly interesting as an illustration of the general rule that religious form is imitation of social custom. The animals connected with the Cyprian Aphrodite are doves, hares, birds, and fishes. The relation between deities and sacred animals is one of the obscurest points of ancient religious history, and one on which the present work does not attempt to throw light. The author is concerned to prove only that this special combination arose in Cyprus. More generally, he holds that Cyprus was the birthplace of Aphrodite, in both her characters of love and of war, the spot on which the Greek feeling out of the crude Semitic material fashioned the exquisite form of the goddess of the Homeric poems and of the later sculptors.

This is, however, a small part of the theogonic and other work that he assigns to the island. He finds here the origin of the Harpies, the Sirens, the Erinnyes, of Heracles (out of the Babylonian Izdubar-Eabani), of one aspect of Athene, of the principal type of the archaic Græco-Phœnician Artemis, of the Carthaginian human sacrifice, and even of the Persian Anahita. For some of these combinations there is much to be said. Cyprus was, as far as we know, the first common dwelling-place of Greeks and Semites, and where else should we look for the most ancient figure of Aphrodite? The other cases adduced by Richter are less convincing. For the Heracles type we should perhaps turn more naturally to Asia Minor: there seems to be no need of localizing so old a Semitic custom as human sacrifice in Cyprus; and the derivation of a somewhat obscure Persian goddess from a Mediterranean island is precarious. In general, though we must credit Cyprus with a considerable share in the formation of ancient Greek mythological figures, and possibly also of old religious rites, it is wise, at the present stage of investigation, to wait for further light before making the very broad generalizations with which these volumes abound. Exploration is constantly revealing points of contact between ancient peoples hitherto undreamed of—witness, for example, the Amarna find. Egypt is coming into prominence, along with her great rival, Babylonia. Amid such a mass of social exchanges we must pause before undertaking to fix definitely the points of creation of special theological types.

True to his title, our author adduces numerous illustrations of Biblical things and customs. The sun-pillar (*hamman*), especially connected in the Bible with the worship of Baal, apparently as sun-god, is a frequent figure in Cyprus; whether it was originally and properly metallic in distinction from the wooden post, as Richter thinks, seems to be doubtful. Greater interest attaches to the wooden post, the *ashera* (translated "grove" in the King James version), which plays so prominent a rôle in the prophetical and historical books of the Old Testament. The word has called forth an animated discussion within the last three years. There is no doubt that it signifies the wooden pillar which stood by the shrine of Astarte, and was worshipped as a representation or symbol of the goddess. But it also appears in the Old Testament as the name of a divine being. Some scholars held that this use of the word was due to a late erroneous confusion between god and symbol; the discovery of the word in an Amarna inscription proves, however, that it is really the name of a goddess. What, then, is the relation between the asherapost and the goddess Ashera?

Our author suggests an explanation as simple as it is obvious. The primitive representation of this deity, as of many others, was an aniconic, amorphous post. When, in process of time, more ambitious idols were introduced, the ancient fetish-form (as also in many other cases) retained its special sanctity, stood alongside of the shrine or image, and bore the name of the deity. An interesting illustration of the persistence of an old form is given in the lately discovered exquisite Artemis group (p. 312), now in Vienna, in which the goddess in her full Greek form leans on an archaic image of herself. The word *ashera*, in the sense of "post," is not to be derived immediately from a verb meaning 'to be straight or upright,' but is to be taken as coming from the divine name. Nor can we say with our author that Ashera is identical with Astarte; she is an independent deity (perhaps the female counterpart of Assyrian Ashur, Hebrew Asher) who in Canaan was probably merged into Astarte.

Cyprus affords examples of a widespread ritual practice generally referred to in connection with the enigmatical passage (Ezek. viii. 17) in which the idolatrous Jews are reproached with "holding the twig to their noses." We often see a goddess or an attendant smelling a flower, an act that appears to be religiously symbolical. It is not probable that this custom will avail for the explanation of the Bible passage in question, the text of which appears to be corrupt; but the custom itself is of interest as a survival of tree worship, a cult the peculiar treatment of which by our author we will speak of further on. His illustrations of Biblical and Homeric customs are generally apposite, but we have not space to cite further examples.

Richter makes a striking contribution to folk-lore in the instances he adduces of the preservation of old Græco-Phœnician customs in modern Cyprian Christian ceremonies. The festival of St. Lazarus (on the Saturday before Palm-Sunday), in which a Lazarus boy dies and comes to life, recalls the Adonis rites and the women weeping for Tammuz, as do the ceremonies of Good Friday and Easter Day. The cakes of meal, honey and oil, and the kolyva of nuts, almonds, figs and other fruits, seem to be not different from the offerings anciently made at the Adonia, and the kolyva even appear to be a survival of the worship of ancestors. In so many cases in religious ritual and in the dress of the people is such survival evident that Richter is justified in seeking for the explanation of ancient manners in those now in vogue. Cyprian women wear over their foreheads pins of gold or silver, the heads of which represent sometimes doves, but more generally various kinds of fantastic figures. But, whatever the shape of the head, the pins are always called *pesounia*, "little doves." Connecting this with the fact that the dove was sacred to Astarte-Aphrodite, Richter concludes that in ancient Cyprus the priestesses of the goddess, and other women in the character of her devotees, wore such pins with dove-heads. Whether or not he is right in this particular case, it seems probable that the present life of the Cypriots furnishes material out of which the old Græco-Phœnician life, on its social as well as on its religious side, may be reconstructed in not a few of its main details.

BROWN'S VENICE.

Venice: An Historical Sketch of the Republic. With maps and plan. By Horatio F. Brown. London: Percival & Co.; New York: Putnams. 1893. Pp. xxiii, 434.

Mr. Brown has achieved a work long deemed impossible: he has written, within the compass of a single volume, a satisfactory history of Venice. The subject has tempted many historians, and some have grappled with it, but none has hitherto mastered it. The secret of Mr. Brown's success is his power to separate the essential from the accidental in the career of Venice. Hitherto, the picturesqueness or the melodrama of certain portions of that story has prevented historians from treating the whole symmetrically; but the first requisite for a historian is to see the totality—to know the stream of a nation's development from its source to its mouth—and this gift Mr. Brown possesses. He can afford to eschew florid descriptions of particular events who can trace with unerring keenness the progress of human destiny in the life of a whole people. So the reader will find in this book little enough about *bravi* and dungeons and all those other stage properties which romancers and poets have pitched upon as peculiarly Venetian; but he will find, instead, a clear account of the way in which Venice organized her government at home and extended her powers abroad.

Venice endured as a State for more than twelve hundred years—longer, that is, than any other Christian State, and almost as long as the See of Rome. What was more improbable than that a settlement of fishermen on a cluster of mud-banks in the Adriatic should grow to be a commonwealth unsurpassed in commercial prosperity, in political steadiness, and in real magnificence? After the Venetians had overcome their first difficulty—how to subsist at all on those mud-banks—the problem before them was whether to reach out for territory on the neighboring mainland or in the distant East. Fortunately, everything conspired to their expansion as a trading people, whereby they escaped the danger of being swallowed up in the innumerable quarrels which tormented northern Italy during the Middle Age. When the time came for them to seek territory in the Valley of the Po, they were already strong. Trade enriched them, dealings with many different races gave them experience, their contact with the Orient kindled their sense of beauty, their eminently

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practical temperament discouraged internal broils. Thus, by the beginning of the thirteenth century, they had come to be one of the strongest Powers in Europe, and, in proportion to their size, by far the richest. Then desire of rule began to lead them astray. They sacked Constantinople; they waged an inevitable war with Genoa, a war from which they issued triumphant but weakened; they acquired great possessions in the Levant, and planted their power on the Italian mainland, and so excited the jealousy of Europe that she formed the League of Cambray against them. From the disasters of that League Venice never recovered. Outwardly, for two hundred years, she was splendid, but death was slowly numbing her vitals, and she had no strength left with which to resist Napoleon's *coup de grâce* in 1797.

But to the student of political systems the organism of Venice is even more significant than the story of her outward expansion, and it is on this side that Mr. Brown's book is especially satisfactory. He shows how the early spirit of the Venetians was democratic; how they chose a leader, or doge, but successfully prevented the dogeship from becoming hereditary in any family, and then proceeded to make of the doge a pomp but not a power. The Venetians dreaded most of all the tyranny of one man; escaping this, they then fell under the tyranny of a caste. Their oligarchy is one of the marvels of history. We see plainly how it developed out of the original democracy, but it is not so easy to see how it retained for 500 years the affection of its subjects. One of the characteristics of the career of Venice was its freedom from internal rebellion; compared with the long ages of quiet, the little conspiracies of Tiepolo or of Bedmar seem hardly more than the cocoons of some pestiferous insect on the bark of a millennial oak. And yet the mechanism of Venetian oligarchy was rigid, and its methods were arbitrary. The numberless checks against ducal ambitions, the establishment of committee to watch committee, the secrecy and espionage, should have tended to make the Government odious to all those Venetians who had no active hand in it; but such was not the case. The common seaman or artisan, or the merchant who, by the closing of the Great Council in 1297, was for ever excluded from the dominant caste, was not less devoted to Venice than were the Great Councillors themselves. Even for most of these real power was an illusion; they but registered the will of the Forty, who in turn revolved at the pleasure of the Ten; and, finally, by a further condensation, the Ten themselves were summed up in the Three.

In this way Venice overcame the difficulty, inherent in an oligarchy, of securing despatch and decisiveness from a multitude of advisers—a result which students who derive profit from historical parallels may compare with the expansion of the committee system and the exorbitant magnification of the Speaker in our own Congressional history. So far as Venice is concerned, this political development is described by Mr. Brown with a clearness which leaves little to be desired. What we should wish to have more fully illustrated is the way in which so autocratic and exclusive a government succeeded in inspiring the devotion of all classes of Venetians: we understand why it was obeyed, but the historian should explain how the oligarchy which could, and relentlessly did, compel obedience, caused itself to be beloved. That this was the case, no one can deny. A people as virile as the Venetians would not, for ages together, have upheld a government whose despotism was detested, and yet no people has surpassed the Venetians in civic disinterestedness: the nobles gave their lives and treasure to the service of the State; the bourgeoisie submitted to taxes which in an emergency amounted almost to confiscation; without a murmur the plebeians manned Venice's war-ships to fight her battles in all parts of the Mediterranean; her priests were Venetians before they were Romans; her great artists, like Tintoret, craved the honor of decorating gratuitously her monuments rather than accept rich rewards from foreign princes. How was it that the ideal Venezia came to exercise this supreme influence over the hearts and wills of all Venetians? Her political organization alone does not explain this.

Mr. Brown lays due stress on the capture of Constantinople by "blind old Dandolo" in 1204; if Venice had not thereby hopelessly shattered the already enfeebled Byzantine Empire, and had she not, in the fourteenth century, crushed her rival Genoa, it is possible, he thinks, that the Turks might have been kept out of Europe, and that Venice herself would not have been punished for her truculence by losing her rich possessions in the East. This is possible; but in history it is rarely profitable to speculate on what might have been; rather is it profitable to examine the conditions which, at a given time, caused a given policy to be embraced. This Mr. Brown does with great acumen, indulging but rarely in speculations. He agrees with the best critics of Venetian history in regarding the death of Mocenigo and the election of Foscari in 1423 as marking the high tide of Venetian power. After that Venice increased in splendor, and even in apparent power, but her organism had reached the limit of its growth, and what followed was an ossification which long concealed her inward debility. Indeed, the Venice that we know best, whether through her existing monuments (with the exception of St. Mark's), or through story and painting, is the Venice of this later period, and there could be no better proof of her original vigor than that it sufficed for nearly four centuries after she had passed her prime to give to her Government a semblance of stability which astonished all beholders, and to adorn her decline with works of incomparable beauty. That she fell was due not alone to the arrogance which led her to undertake foolhardy enterprises: no mortal wisdom could have foreseen that the voyage of the Portuguese Vasco da Gama to the Indies in 1497 (incorrectly given as in 1486), or of the Genoese Columbus to America in 1492, would cripple her commerce and ultimately work her ruin. For Venice those voyages, which have been of incalculable benefit to mankind, were in the highest sense *fatal*, like the plague from the effects of which Athens never recovered: they show how the career of a whole people can be blasted by an inscrutable destiny.

We have said that Mr. Brown has the historian's sense of totality, and we have indicated the general lines along which he has been most successful. Let us now make a few suggestions of changes which, we believe, would improve his already excellent work. Here and there, especially in the first half of the book, a page of statements concerning the general political condition of Europe, and particularly of Italy, would be of great help to those readers who do not carry in their heads a compendium of universal history. At present, as Mr. Brown has drawn her, Venice is too isolated; yet a paragraph would often suffice to show her organic relations with her neighbors. Mr. Brown takes for granted, for instance, that the reader knows all about the Exarchate of Ravenna, and the attitude of the Holy Roman Emperor towards Italy, and that of the Pope towards the Emperor. Our notion is that an historical work should be, if possible, self-explanatory, though the explanatory passages may be very brief. Further, we could not have refrained, had we been telling the story of Venice, from giving some account of her artistic development; not to do this is to leave out one of the most important clues to an understanding of Venetian character. No history of England, no matter how concise, would be well-rounded which should omit to describe the development of English literature. In the case of Venice painting, architecture, and sculpture took the place of literature, and ought to be chronicled in order that we may know that the Venetians were more than merchants, diplomats, and luxurious nobles.

A more serious defect is the change of method adopted by Mr. Brown in treating the history of Venice after 1530. Hitherto, he has written as an historian; henceforth, he writes as an essayist. The last two centuries and a half of the Venetian Republic, he says, are noteworthy on only three points: her losing struggle with the Turks, her conflict with Rome in matters spiritual, and the final development of the Council of Ten; and he proceeds to devote a chapter to each of these points. The result is that, instead of having a narrative in which these phases are treated simultaneously, generation by generation, we are carried through the Turkish wars to the peace of Passarowitz, in 1718; then we go back two hundred years, and pursue religious affairs to the death of Sarpi, in 1623; then we go back again to 1529, and take up the thread of internal politics, following it to the extinction of the Republic, in 1797. In other words, we have not a history, but three essays on three different topics, and the effect is unsatisfactory. One of the highest achievements of an historian is the production of a sense of simultaneousness; to bring up his episodes in detachments reminds us of the way in which De Long's Arctic explorers had to make seven trips backwards and forwards in order to drag their lifeboats and provisions over the ice-floe.

But, after making these deductions, we still repeat that Mr. Brown's is the best history of Venice that has ever come into our hands. Its style, indeed, lacks distinction of phrase, but it is straightforward and clear. We wish that he had given references to the passages which he quotes, and that he had provided a better index. These, and the correction of various misprints, should be added in the next edition.

Science and a Future Life. With Other Essays. By Frederic W. H. Myers. Macmillan. 1893. 12mo, pp. 242.

THE career of the author of this little volume shows how a deep interest in the problem of human destiny may transform the cast of a mind from the literary to the scientific, without at the same time damping the emotional ardor with which life began. In the second essay in this book, "Charles Darwin and Agnosticism," Mr. Myers quotes the well-known passage of Darwin's Life in which the great naturalist deplores the decay of his æsthetic and sentimental faculties: "Now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. . . . My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts; but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend,

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I cannot conceive," etc., etc. Without comparing Mr. Myers to Darwin in the matter of "science," his case inevitably suggests the other contrast. His earlier essays and his poems were the fruit of an exclusively literary, æsthetic, and religious culture. His contributions to the Psychical Research Proceedings show him as a wide reader of neurology and collector and classifier of masses of rare and problematical facts. But now in this latest volume he reappears with that serenity and hope in definite methods of work which it seems the peculiar blessing of a scientific occupation to confer, but still with the old sense of life as an emotional "problem," and with unabated rhetorical fire.

The Essays (not counting a memorial of the late Prince Leopold) are five in number, and under their diverse titles have the same essential aim, which is to show, first, how disconsolately irrational is the view of the world which merely materialistic science and merely mundane history offer to the mind's acceptance; and, second, how probable certain kinds of neglected fact have made it that the world which science acknowledges is but an extract, and the history which we see about us but a fragment, of a larger universe of which we as yet know nothing definite, but which, if known, might satisfy our rational need. What Mr. Myers proposes is thus primarily not a dogma, but a method. Nothing could be further from him than to try to convict agnosticism of error on dialectic grounds. Others may do that: he seeks first to make the reader feel its insufficiency, and then to invite him to a practical channel of escape, by following which he has himself been cheered. In other words, he shows the agnostic horse the medicinal waters, but refrains, in these pages, from forcing him to drink. Hence the great persuasiveness of his writing. It does not challenge the resisting attitude, as so many onslaughts on materialism do. For, considered as a non-"psychical researcher," Mr. Myers is himself an acute case of agnosticism, and feels all the disconsolateness of which he writes. It is only as psychical researcher that he has recovered, and yearns over others that they should do the same. The following passages come as near as anything in the book to giving an expression of his positive faith :

"Of late years the induction of hallucination in sane and healthy persons during the hypnotic trance has begun to be recognized as an experimental method of great value in psychology. But comparatively few savants have as yet recognized the extreme variety and instructiveness of the phantasmal sights and sounds which occur spontaneously to normal persons, and which it is now for the first time becoming possible to study in a systematic instead of a merely anecdotic manner. . . . The study of cases of [a certain] type, many of which I have set forth elsewhere, has gradually convinced me that the least improbable hypothesis lies in the supposition that some influence on the minds of men on earth is occasionally exercised by the surviving personalities of the departed. I believe this influence to be, usually, of an indirect and dreamlike character, but I cannot explain the facts to myself without supposing that such an influence exists. I am further strengthened in this belief by the study of the automatic phenomena. I observe that in all the varieties of automatic action—of which automatic writing may be taken as a prominent type—the contents of the messages given seem to be derived from three sources. First of all comes the automatist's own mind. From that the bulk of the messages are undoubtedly drawn, even when they refer to matters which the automatist once knew, but has entirely forgotten. Whatever has gone into the mind may come out of the mind, although this automatism may be the only way of getting at it. Secondly, there is a small percentage of messages apparently telepathic—containing, that is to say, facts probably unknown to the automatist, but known to some living person in his company or connected with him. But, thirdly, there is a still smaller residuum of messages which I cannot thus explain—messages which contain facts apparently not known to the automatist nor to any living friend of his, but known to some deceased person, perhaps a total stranger to the living man whose hand is writing. I cannot avoid the conviction that in some way—however dreamlike and indirect—it is the departed personality which originates such messages as these. I by no means wish to impose these views upon minds not prepared to accept them. What I do desire is that as many other men as possible should qualify themselves to judge independently of the value of the evidence on which I rely—should study what has been collected, and should repeat and extend the observations which are essential to the formation of any judgments worth the name. . . .

"I place together, then—as I claim that history gives me a *prima-facie* right to do—certain experiments which have, so to say, gained general acceptance but yesterday, and certain cognate experiments which are on their way (as I think) to general acceptance on some not distant morrow; and I draw from these a double line of argument in favor of human survival. In the first place, I point to the great extension and deepening which experiment has given to our conception of the content and capacities of the subconscious human mind—amounting, perhaps, to a shifting of man's psychical centre of gravity from the conscious to the subconscious or subliminal strata of his being—and accompanied by the manifestation of powers at least not obviously derivable from terrestrial evolution. And in the second place, I claim that there is, in fact, direct evidence for the exercise of some kind of influence by the surviving personalities of departed men. I claim that the analysis of phantasmal sights and sounds, treated by careful rules of evidence, indicates this influence. And I claim that it is indicated also by the analysis of those automatic messages which in various manners carry upwards to the threshold of consciousness the knowledge acquired from unknown sources by the subconscious mind" (pp. 32, 35).

In other words, Mr. Myers writes himself down with decision as a "spiritualist," but it is hardly necessary to note how greatly his methods and temper differ from those which are usually associated with that name. But, be his spiritualism true or false, his merits as the first comparer and coördinator of these abnormal phenomena along their whole extent must always be acknowledged. What strikes one most in the present volume, after its felicity of style, is the breadth of the author's intellectual sympathies. The book may be cordially recommended to all who are interested in the higher aspects of contemporary thought.

Life of Sir Richard Burton. By his Wife, Isabel Burton. 2 vols. Appletons. 1893.

A LIFE of Sir Richard Burton by his wife promises to be interesting, though we hesitate, and wonder whether, in spite of his adventurous and romantic career, the interest can be kept up to the end of two such ponderous volumes. We pick up one of them, and, examining the binding, we discover on the front a faithful hound standing mournful by an imaginary grave; on the back, a hand, marked R. F. B., protruding from a cloud, and letting down a shower of glory on a weeping female form, at whom the head of a Chinese dragon makes faces from behind. We open and see a "Consecration" "to my earthly master"; and by the time we have finished the "Foreword" our curiosity is thoroughly aroused.

Unfortunately, it soon subsides as thoroughly, and without the satisfaction of finding anything new or noteworthy. Hitchman's biography of Burton, six years ago, gave a good enough idea of the man as viewed by an ardent admirer, and for whoever wants more there are his own eighty-odd publications. We should have been glad of a purely private life, a picture of his extraordinary character; and no one was so competent to give us this as the woman who stood by him in sickness and in health for thirty years, facing many of the same hardships and perils, lightening his toil, and sharing his disappointments. So she thinks herself, and indignantly answers those who have dared to doubt her fitness for the task. We are loath to criticise a labor of love, even when the love is not supplemented by good judgment. Absolute, unquestioning devotion is touching; we can sympathize with hero-worship, and are willing to overlook several instances of very questionable taste. What we complain of is not what Lady Burton tells us about her husband, but the mass of other things she inflicts upon us. Our attention is taken up not so much by what "he thought and did" as by what she writes. She says: "I have no leisure to think of style or polish, or to select the best language, the best English—no time to shine as an authoress. I must just think aloud, so as not to keep the public waiting."

We tremble at what might have happened if Lady Burton had had the leisure to shine, for, hurried as she was, two-thirds of what she has written might have been profitably omitted. The long appendices should have been kept for the new work she promises us, 'The Labors and Wisdom of Richard Burton'; the host of newspaper puffs belong only in her scrapbook; and much of the rest would burden any diary. To put it harshly, Lady Burton is very garrulous. She seldom travels anywhere—and she was travelling a good part of the time—without favoring us with the name of the hotel at which she stopped, and telling us how she liked it, what there is to see in the place, and how she got there. When she has a dinner party, or goes to one, we know who was present, we learn about her efforts in the cause of the prevention of cruelty to animals, we read her letters to Aly Sloper, etc., etc., etc. We can only be grateful for what we are spared. For instance, "I do not think that a list of the aboriginal tribes of Brazil at the time of its discovery (one hundred discovered by Cabral in 1500) would amuse my readers or fit in with my subject." Neither do we, but we lose something perhaps more attractive:

"One thing I always regret in writing is, that I could recite so many amusing and interesting things that would immensely please a very large portion of English people; but England is so very queer, and I am become convinced it is not the same England I used to know, that I do not like to venture them. They are not in the least risky, only amusing and adventurous, but, being very honest and straightforward, would be sure to tread upon somebody's corns; blame or sneers would be sure to crop up from some quarter or another, and make me regret it."

The perfect naïveté of the author of this passage at times lends a charm to what would otherwise be wearisome reading, while her earnestness and sincerity command our respect. This is not her first appearance, as she has written two books of travel, besides other productions which have never reached the public. She was not allowed to put her first attempt into print: "He thought I must study and copy many years before I tried authorship." On another occasion, "I now wrote a book called 'The Sixth Sense,' and was vain enough to think it very clever; but I was afraid it would do harm, and I took the courage to burn it." Her husband taught her "to write quite openly in the unconventional and personal style—what we *now* call the Marie

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Bashkirtseff style." So be it, but Marie, even as a child, was never guilty of such a paragraph as the following: "On the 10th of December my publisher, poor Mr. Mullan, died, and my boys' books were returned to me, to begin afresh with another publisher, which was, unhappily, Mr. Bogue. On the 15th, Richard lectured at the English Engineers' Club, which was very well attended, much applauded, and was noticed largely in the foreign press, in most gratifying terms, speaking of him as dear and respected for his learning, merits, and philanthropy, and I had my third fête for humanity to animals."

The main facts of Sir Richard Burton's life are well known, and can be found in Hitchman rather better than in this work, though many pages of the two are entirely or nearly identical. His pilgrimage in disguise to Mecca, his discovery of Lake Tanganyika, and his translation of the "Thousand and One Nights" (which his wife never read unexpurgated, though it was copied by "a lady amanuensis"), are the three things for which he will chiefly be remembered. In spite of great achievements, his was a life of signal troubles and disappointments. He declared, "My career in India had been in my eyes a failure"; even the famous Mecca trip was but a part of what he had meant to do; the irregular Turkish force which he helped to organize during the Crimean war never saw service, and his various suggestions met with snubs; his expedition with Speke ended in a bitter quarrel between the two, and it was Speke who was chosen to go a second time and have the glory of discovering the sources of the Nile; his name was struck off the Army List without warning when he entered the consular service at perhaps the worst possible post, Fernando Po; when he did at last get a situation to his heart, the consulship at Damascus, after a while he was abruptly cashiered, though his conduct was subsequently approved and he was sent to Trieste, where he was left from 1873 till his death in 1890. For long years the place of Minister to Morocco was the goal of his ambition, but when finally a vacancy occurred, some one else was appointed. Even his request for permission to retire with full pension a little before his time, on account of failing health, was refused, though he was always generously treated in the matter of leaves of absence. His projects of gold mines or other undertakings in Africa, Brazil, Iceland, and the land of Midian brought him only bother and expense.

This is a sad record for a man of such great and varied abilities, of such energy and industry, who knew twenty-nine languages, who understood the East as few Europeans ever have, who was one of the pioneers of modern African exploration, and who wrote, on widely different subjects, works that will always have value. In spite of Lady Burton's protestations, we can see that, to a certain extent, he had himself to blame for his woes; but we will not undertake to say how much, or discuss his character as it appears in the pages before us. His views on many questions were original, outspoken, and sometimes startling, and not of a nature to recommend him to his official superiors. Comment on them will be more in place in connection with her next book, which we shall await with interest. In conclusion, we note that some of the poetry she has put in, both his and hers, has considerable merit. His "Legend of the Lakki Hills" might almost be mistaken for Byron, and the "Kasîdah" has fine lines, even if we can hardly agree with the sentiment that it is "the most exquisite gem of Oriental poetry that I have ever heard or imagined, nor do I believe it has its equal, either from the pen of Hafiz, Saadi, Shakespeare, Milton, Swinburne, or any other."

The People's Money. By W. L. Trenholm. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

THIS work is intended for people of ordinary education and intelligence. It is the author's opinion that the inability to understand money and finance professed by many well-informed persons is unnecessary and inexcusable. He considers that no one who is capable of learning to read, or of comprehending the movements of machinery, need doubt his ability to obtain a clear and definite understanding of the financial system of the United States, and he thinks that, if the sequence of phenomena is carefully observed, but little time and effort will be required to master the whole subject of finance. That a general understanding of these matters is greatly to be desired may be conceded at once, and much of Mr. Trenholm's book is so clear in thought and simple in statement as to be universally intelligible. But the persistence of contradictory opinions concerning the most elementary principles of finance, and the clashing views of those who have made it a special study, appear to indicate the existence of more obscurity and difficulty than Mr. Trenholm is disposed to recognize. Not only is there a fundamental difference between bimetallists and monometallists, but back of this lies a more fundamental difference concerning value. The cost-of-production theory has been violently attacked, and there is as wide divergence of views concerning what money is as concerning what it ought to be.

That Mr. Trenholm has underrated the difficulty of his task may perhaps be proved by reference to some of his statements. Thus we find it laid down as "of course" that the burden of idle money is the same whether such money be of metal or paper. Probably Mr. Trenholm had in mind the burdens of banks or individuals, but he makes the assertion concerning the burdens of the community. Were it true, it would be hard to explain the cause of the substitution of paper for metal, and the incomparable elucidation of this change by Adam Smith would be entirely fallacious. Nor, so far as individuals are concerned, is idle money any more of a burden than other idle machinery. Mr. Trenholm does not recognize credits, such as checks and bills of exchange, as money, and in some of his observations upon bank-notes we are inclined to think he has confounded money with capital. His views upon the respective advantages of Government notes and bank-notes are peculiar, and to us, we must confess, unintelligible. We shall endeavor, therefore, to state them as nearly as possible in his own language.

The saving to a community, in Mr. Trenholm's opinion, from the use of paper money is about equal to the annual interest on the volume of such money less the expense of its issue and maintenance. This saving is less in the case of issues by Government than in those by banks, because the rate of interest upon Government debts is less than that upon bank loans. In other words, if the Government's credit is good, there would be a saving to the people in having the banks issue paper money, while if the credit of the Government was bad, there might be a saving in having it, and not the banks, issue the notes. The promoters of the Nicaragua Canal appear to have got hold of the converse of this argument in their ingenuous proposal that our Government should do them the trifling favor of writing its name on the back of their bonds. Mr. Trenholm seems to apply the term interest both to the rate charged the Government when it borrows and to the rate that the banks charge when they lend.

Mr. Trenholm further maintains that the increase of note issues tends to reduce the rate of interest on commercial loans. He declares that our people gain nothing from the issue of $346,000,000 of greenbacks, while the issue of bank-notes to that amount, based not on bonds but on commercial paper, would probably make 7 per cent. a maximum rate of interest throughout all our agricultural communities, except those in the newest States and the Territories, and would even there greatly reduce present rates for money. Under the system that prevailed from 1820 to 1860, he contends, the prevailing rates in communities that had banks were 6 per cent. for discounts and 7 per cent. for interest. He considers that his theory is established by the example of the Bank of Stockholm, which in twelve years reduced the rate of interest in Sweden from 8 per cent. to 3 per cent. He disapproves of the national-bank system for several reasons. The formation of a new bank in a country town under this system has the effect, he holds, of depriving that community of the use of more money than the new bank can issue, and thereby increases instead of diminishes the rate for loans. On the other hand, true banks of issue cheapen loans, because, if a bank can make a profit of 2 per cent. on its circulation, it can afford to reduce its rate of discount 2 per cent.

We have at hand figures only from 1845 to 1860, but it appears from them that the average rate of discount was for that period over 9 per cent., and it can hardly have been lower during the earlier years. The fact is not important, however, for the assumption that the rate of interest depends upon the note issues of banks is one that throws existing monetary science into confusion. We cannot take space to criticise it, but it seems to us to render Mr. Trenholm's book, in spite of much that is sound and well-put, a very undesirable guide for the class of readers to which it is addressed. Nothing better fitted to give a thorough grounding in this intricate subject has ever been written than Adam Smith's classical chapters. Whoever will be at the pains to master what he has said will be well equipped for grappling with our modern problems, and will be able to see through certain fallacies which have, we apprehend, perplexed Mr. Trenholm's argument.

Pioneers of Science. By Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. Macmillan. 1893.

THIS is a very handsome volume, printed upon the heaviest calendered paper, full of attractive cuts, written in an easy style, dealing with an important and absorbing topic, and the work of an eminent physicist. The puzzle is to conceive how so good a man was ever induced to write a book upon a subject of which he appears to know nothing—the history of astronomy. The first chapter contains a sketch of the life of Copernicus, of which Mr. Lodge says "we know very little." Speaking for himself and his three friends who read his proofs, this seems to be very true. For those who have read Prowe's great biography in three volumes, it is less true. Even before the appearance of that work, ten years ago, it would hardly have been admissible to say that "in study and meditation his life was passed." We now know that during most of his life he was an active mem-

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ber of Parliament, dealing with the most practical subjects, as well as managing the extensive possessions of the bishopric of Regensburg, and, in fact, almost governing it. When he retired from politics, so necessary was activity to Coppernicus (we follow the orthography approved by Prowe), that he took up the life of a practising physician, and continued in it almost to the very end of his long life. It is true, of course, that he was a man of study and meditation, yet an inaccurate impression is conveyed by the statement that his life was passed in such occupations as if in them alone. How much better it would be if writers—and the recommendation particularly applies to English writers—when they know nothing would say nothing.

Dr. Lodge says: "His father is believed to have been a German." True, this is the belief, and it is founded on an accurate knowledge of the genealogy of the family, which, for a family of merchants, was locally far from obscure. Much is made by Dr. Lodge of the Copernican theory of the precession of the equinoxes; but so far as this theory differed from what was involved in the general statement of Hipparchus and Ptolemy, it was utterly erroneous. There was a certain *intorta corolla*, which was invented to account for falsified observations, reported at a time when authority overweighed the testimony of the senses.

The account of Tycho Brahe is not so bad; but when we come to Keppler, grave inaccuracies reappear. This astronomer is represented as suffering all his life from "bitter poverty." The truth is, his first wife was a rich woman, and he was always fairly well, often very well, paid. But, with an entirely cheerful and contented disposition, he made it his business to grumble, because his pay was always in arrear (as was everybody's), and that was the way to get it. When his wife died, the money, it is true, went to the children; but by that time Keppler was pretty well to do. The account of Keppler's work is certainly not so bad as some recent English statements, drawn purely from their writers' imagination; but it is needlessly confused. The whole book is upon this low level of almost simple ignorance.

When Dr. Lodge comes to the discovery of Neptune, he makes a diagram of the orbits of Neptune and Uranus, and describes straight lines between corresponding places of the two planets. This, he says in the legend, illustrates the direction of the perturbing force. He forgets that a perturbation that remained constant would not be a perturbation, that the only way it can be detected is in changing the elements of the orbit, and that the unperturbed orbit is really as much perturbed as the perturbed orbit. Consequently, the whole question of the discovery of Neptune rests upon considerations which cannot possibly be popularized. There are some things which demand serious study. In these cases, all that can be done for the general reader is to show him clearly that such is the case.

We wish we could counterbalance these strictures by reporting that the book does something to inculcate the sincere spirit of inquiry, or gives any general picture of the life of "scientific pioneers," even though inaccurate in details, or that it communicates information about the labors of these men not better, more easily, and more securely to be gathered elsewhere. We can say that it is a handsome volume, well suited to a person who wishes to know as much of the history of astronomy as he can gather in an hour or two.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barry, J. D. The Princess Margarethe. G. M. Allen Co.
Berendt, M., and Friedländer, J. Spinoza's Erkenntnisslehre in ihrer Beziehung zur modernen Naturwissenschaft und Philosophie. Berlin: Mayer & Müller.
Champfleury's The Faience Violin. Appletons. 75 cents.
Dole, N. H. Not Angels Quite. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Earle, Mrs. A. M., and Ford, Emily E. Early Prose and Verse. [Distaff Series.] Harpers. $1.
Grant, Robert. Jack in the Bush. Scribners. $1.25.
Grant, Robert. The Opinions of a Philosopher. Scribners. $1.
Hales, Prof. J. W. Folia Litteraria: Essays and Notes on English Literature. Macmillan. $1.75.
Harkness, Prof. J., and Morley, Prof. F. A Treatise on the Theory of Functions Macmillan.
Jayne, Lieut. R. H. Through Apache Land. St. Paul: Price-McGill Co.
Karagiannides, A. Die Nichteuklidische Geometrie vom Alterthum bis zur Gegenwart. Berlin: Mayer & Müller.
Kirk, H. C. The Revolt of the Brutes: A Fantasy of the Chicago Fair. C. T. Dillingham. 50 cents.
Larrabee, William. The Railroad Question. Chicago: Schulte Publishing Co.
Macalpine, Avery. Joel Marsh, and Other Stories. Ward, Lock & Bowden. 50 cents.
Meyer, E. H. Lehrbücher der Germanischen Philologie. Vol. I. Berlin: Mayer & Müller.
Phillips Brooks Year Book. E. P. Dutton. $1.25.
Pocket Guide and Notebook of the World's Fair. Chicago: White City Publishing Co. 25 cents.
Rougemont, Prof. A. de. Manuel de la Littérature Française. W. R. Jenkins. $1.25.
Shepard, Elizabeth G. A Guide Book to Norumbega and Vineland. Boston: Damrell & Upham.
Smith, G. V. The Bible and its Theology. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
Sweet, Henry. A Primer of Historical English Grammar. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 60 cents.
Tuckwell, Rev. W. The Ancient Ways: Winchester Fifty Years Ago. Macmillan. $1.50.
Turk, Prof. M. H. The Legal Code of Ælfred the Great. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.05.
Unveiling a Parallel. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Wallace, Gen. Lew. The Prince of India; or, Why Constantinople Fell. 2 vols. Harpers.
Weissenborn, Prof. H. Zur Geschichte der Einführung der jetizigen Ziffern in Europa durch Gerbert. Berlin: Mayer & Müller.
Yechton, Barbara. Little Saint Hilary, and Other Stories. Whittaker. 60 cents.

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[Continued from page iii.]

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